

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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APRIL, 1958

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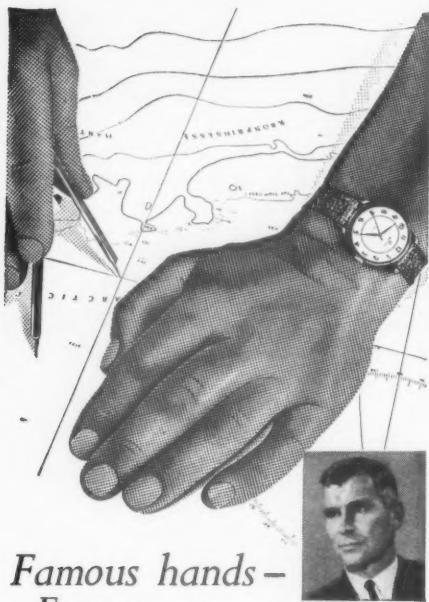
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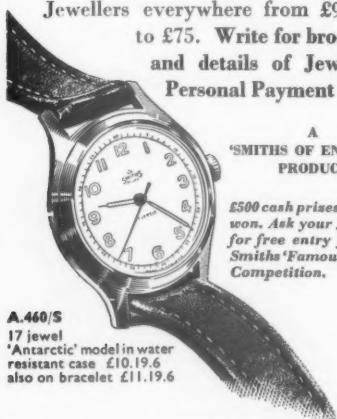


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Episodes of the Month

TO DARE OR NOT TO DARE?

SINCE Mr. George Kennan delivered his series of Reith Lectures at the end of last year (now published in book form under the title *Russia, the Atom and the West*, O.U.P., 10s. 6d.) there has been intense and growing discussion of the theory of disengagement, which he had made to appear more convincing than ever. The controversy has produced its crop of anti-Kennan tracts, of which the latest is by Mr. Peregrine Worsthorne (*Dare Democracy Disengage?* C.P.C., 1s. 6d.). This, like Mr. Kennan's lectures, is a distinguished and closely argued polemic, which deserves a very careful reading.

Mr. Worsthorne does not believe in a European neutral zone. He quotes the argument used by Mr. G. F. Hudson in the *Observer*, that whereas the physical contact of Western and Soviet forces in Europe has not led to war, the mutual withdrawal of forces from Korea led to conflict in that country. But surely this experience does not destroy the case for disengagement; it merely proves that disengagement must be combined with very clear statements of intention on both sides. There must be no vagueness about what would happen in certain eventualities (though it will never be possible to provide for every eventuality). The North Koreans would not have attacked if they had known that the Americans would go to war to save South Korea. But since the Americans reacted so strongly in Korea it is hardly likely that the Russians would risk launching a neutralised East Germany against a neutralised West Germany—even if they could engineer such an aggression.

To this Mr. Worsthorne would reply that it would not be possible to define "aggression" in this context, and that disaster would therefore be likely to ensue. "How could the guarantor Powers tell what constitutes the crossing of the neutral line? Would the line have to be crossed solely by foreign troops? And if so, whose? Russia's only, or those of another neutral State? Must the crossing be in force; if so, what force? Would the reason for crossing be a factor . . . ? Would a Soviet Union inspired coup, arming of dissidents, etc., figure in drawing the line?" These questions are all very pertinent, but do they not also apply to the existing situation? The confusion which arose from one particular passage in the most recent Defence White Paper shows how difficult it is to define the conditions in which there would be nuclear war. The problem here is unavoidable, whatever the set-up in Europe, wherever the political and military lines are drawn. A similar comment must be made on Mr. Worsthorne's justifiable fear that the Germans might come to terms with the Russians. This danger is very real, but the present division of Germany enhances rather than reduces it, because—as we have often pointed out—the Russians still have an enormous bribe to offer the Germans, inasmuch as reunification depends upon them. The West has already conceded all that it had to concede.

But the central fallacy in Mr. Worsthorne's argument appears in his preamble, where he draws a sharp distinction between "legitimate" and "revolutionary" Powers. This terminology is dangerously reminiscent of

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that which was used to describe the state of affairs in Europe at the end of the 18th century. He is apparently casting Western leaders as latter-day Metternichs, but at another point he expresses the modern struggle differently, as one between liberty and tyranny. This, though an oversimplification, is much nearer the truth, and it makes nonsense of the earlier distinction, because liberty, like Communism, is a dynamic and revolutionary force. It is therefore inaccurate to say that the Russians could trust the West, but that the West could never trust the Russians. Perfect trust is impossible on either side, but this does not rule out all hope of agreement where self-interest happens to coincide and when there is reason to believe that a balance of power can be maintained.

The strength of Mr. Kennan's analysis lies in his realistic appraisal of the Russians' predicament. They are not, in his view, bent on immediate world conquest. The lesson of Hungary is that the Soviet leaders are anxious men, constantly and unpleasantly aware of the threat which so many subject peoples already constitute, and most unwilling to add to the number. Of course they believe in world revolution, and they intend to make as much trouble as they can for the West by Cold War methods. But they would be in no hurry to occupy the nations of Western Europe, even if they were able to do so without provoking a world war. The cost of stamping out rebellion in Hungary was enough to deter them from exposing themselves to similar crises in West Germany, France or Britain. Moreover, there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of their fear of Germany. With their experience of 1940-41 in mind, they could be expected to prefer a genuine, hard-and-fast agreement with the West for the maintenance of German neutrality to any separate understanding with the Germans; though if they found they could not do business with us about Germany they might be forced to do business with the Germans direct.

Granted, then, that German neutralisation is possible and desirable, what exactly would it imply? Many advocates of disengagement, including Mr. Kennan himself, seem to think that the Russians would be satisfied if foreign troops were withdrawn and Germany were permitted to join neither the Warsaw Pact nor NATO. But it is obvious to us that they would also insist upon economic neutrality; in other words, that they would not allow a reunified Germany to join the West European Common Market. After all, Communism is

an economic creed and if Germany were ostentatiously to adhere to the Western capitalist system Russian prestige would suffer a severe blow. To those who have set their hearts upon the establishment of federal government and a *Zollverein* in Western Europe the abandonment of this dream will seem too large a price to pay for a German settlement. To us it appears the most elementary common sense, since we have never believed in European federation, least of all in its efficacy as an antidote to German national feeling.

Defence and Diplomacy

THE H-bomb has been receiving more than its due share of attention—not indeed from the general public, which is more interested in the cost of living, but from students and habitual writers to the Press. Lord Russell, who is more esteemed for his philosophic work than for his political judgment, has been prominent in a campaign to "ban the bomb." And Lord Hailsham has countered with an unfortunate reference to pre-war "hysteria," forgetting that he himself was first carried into Parliament on a wave of hysteria at the Oxford by-election in 1938, when the present Prime Minister spoke for his opponent.

There is, indeed, no case at all for unilateral disarmament, nuclear or otherwise, by the West. Too much has already been done in this line; NATO is suffering from the failure of most of its members to live up to their obligations. The argument that Britain should not manufacture the H-bomb is a respectable one, but only on the assumption that she plays her full part in the Western alliance. By deciding to abolish National Service the Government has done more harm to the country's reputation than could ever have been done by the decision to forgo H-bombs at this stage. Emotive talk about making ourselves independent of the Americans is as futile and unworthy now as it was at the time of Suez. The Prime Minister informs his critics that they much misjudge him if they think him capable of acting on his own, disregarding his allies. He has come a long way since October, 1956!

A policy of deliberate and calculated disarmament has been put forward by Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall (*Defence in the Nuclear Age*, Gollancz, 18s.). Sir Stephen's ideas are always stimulating, but in this case they fail to persuade. Non-resistance, as practised by Gandhi against the British

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

Raj, was both virtuous and effective; but it was effective only because the British, with all their faults, are ill at ease in the role of oppressors. The warmest Russophile could hardly say as much of the present Soviet leaders.

Disarmament, when it comes, must be balanced and multilateral. So long as the West remains weak in conventional arms the Russians will be free to exploit the propaganda advantage of offering to ban nuclear weapons, playing upon the moral and physical *Angst* which these weapons have caused in some Western circles. If the NATO Powers were to make the effort to achieve something more nearly approximating to parity with the Russians in conventional arms, the Russian bluff would be called. They would either have to agree to all-round disarmament, or their hypocrisy would be manifest to the whole world. Why cannot the West put petty politics aside and concentrate upon this supreme objective?

Lower Bank Rate

ON Thursday, March 20th, Bank rate was reduced to 6 per cent. from the "crisis" 7 per cent. at which it had stood since last September. The improvement in the gold and dollar reserves and the firmness of sterling had caused a gradual hardening of prices in the gilt-edged market before the change, and there had been discussion, usual under such conditions, of the possibility of a lowering of the rate. Most people in the City had come to believe that political considerations would prevent any reduction before the Budget and even the optimists thought in terms of only $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. lower. The immediate effect of the change on stock markets was a sharp rally in the industrial section and an upward adjustment in gilt-edged prices.

The authorities immediately made it clear that the reduction should not be taken as an indication that credit restrictions would be relaxed. The high cost of Government borrowing, the discouragement of foreign "hot" money, the recognition that the U.S.A. and other countries had reduced their rates, and the recent strength of our exchange position, have been advanced as the reason for this 1 per cent. reduction. All that need be said is that the official spokesmen have all along promised that as soon as it seemed safe to do so a reduction would be made, and that the Government deemed the safety point had been reached. This is fair enough, but much depends on their assessment of the situation and

their plans to meet developments. Industrial news is not very encouraging and the American recession may deepen (though Denys Smith gives a hopeful report of the U.S. outlook); so the authorities may have made the reduction as a first remedial move, so far as our own economy is concerned, with tax concessions in the Budget as the next. Yet the danger of inflation is still very present.

Rents

ALL the evidence goes to show that, with the exception of London and some of the large cities, notably Glasgow, the Rent Act is working fairly at the present time. The vast majority of tenants seem now to have accepted the idea that their rents over the last twenty years have been ridiculously low, and they seem willing, provided the necessary repairs are done, to pay more.

The greatest difficulty, of course, arises in the case of houses freed completely from control, and here it is true to say that two factors completely unforeseen at the time of the Bill's enactment have come into play. The first is the Labour threat to repeal the Act and to take over all rented dwellings. Many landlords, particularly small landlords, have apparently decided that rather than risk that, they must sell in October, though it is noteworthy that, of those who have decided to sell, 75 per cent. have offered the property to tenants, usually at quite reasonable prices. The second factor is the credit squeeze, which is making it difficult for tenants who wish to buy to raise the mortgages to do so at reasonable rates. While the squeeze is continued, the Government must obviously take steps to help house-purchase in Rent Act cases.

Nevertheless, there will have to be some evictions in October, if the main purpose of the Act—to end under-occupation—is to be achieved. These evictions look like being smaller in number than the Government first anticipated (in one fairly typical constituency—part urban, part rural—they are unlikely to number more than twenty). Will there be enough rented property to accommodate the evicted? Here again it is impossible get a true picture until the late spring, when all the eviction notices will be in, but outside London and the great cities, it would seem that there will, in fact, be more property available for rent than will be needed for Rent Act cases, and the general housing list may well be considerably reduced. Quite a number of houses which have been standing empty for years will be brought back into the housing

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market, which was one of the intentions of the Act.

The position of London is peculiarly difficult. A number of large property-owning companies appear to want to have the properties, particularly large blocks of flats, empty for a time so that they can carry out complete redecoration and improvements, and relet them at higher rents. If too many do this, there will, of course, be large-scale hardship, which the Government will have to take into account.

One worrying factor is that the number of conversions seems to be considerably smaller than had at first been anticipated. This may be due to the credit squeeze, and also to the bad winter, which has held up all outside building work. But, as conversions play a large part in the whole operation, the usefulness of the Act is weakened thereby.

NEXT MONTH

A series of articles on
BRITISH UNIVERSITIES

by

Kingsley Amis
Professor Asa Briggs
Alan Bullock
Kenneth Harris
Iris Murdoch
K. M. Panikkar
R. A. Rainford

We apologise for the non-appearance in this issue of two features advertised last month: Dossier No. 2 on Hugh Gaitskell, and "A Dissertation on Dukes" by Taper. Both will appear later, but pressure on our space in this issue has forced us to hold them over.—EDITOR.

On the whole, then, the Act is working well, and there are certainly no grounds for amending it at this stage. But there are some disturbing factors, against which the Government should be prepared to take remedial action. Perhaps the shrewdest comment on the Rent Act was made by the *Economist* in a note on the Kelvingrove by-election. In this election the defeated Tory candidate admitted that rents had been her biggest headache, and the Labour agent, explaining the low poll, said that the constituency contained an extraordinary number of elderly people. "How many people," asked the *Economist* (March 22), "saw the social significance of this statement? This is a constituency in central Glasgow . . . with an extraordinarily high proportion of elderly people, and with the Rent Act the dominant issue. All these things are interrelated. In any other age it would be recognised as social nonsense that most of the people living round the main centre of work in Glasgow should be people who have themselves retired from work. The main reason why they have stayed in the great smoke, instead of moving out into suburbia or the country, is that they have enjoyed squatters' rights under rent restriction."

This comment implies a handsome tribute to the Government.

Through a Prism . . .

THE April issue of *Prism* is given over to seven articles on the theme "What's wrong with the Church?" These are of very considerable interest and the editor, Nicholas Mosley, perhaps unintentionally, suggests an answer when he says: "Sin is something that Christians must get rid of; in fact, they believe that they are the only people who can get rid of it. It is those who won't admit that it exists, *who already imagine that they are perfect* [our italics], that are either gloomy or frantic." It is certainly a grave defect in the contemporary Church that so many Churchmen fail to see that the denial of sin is an act of piety, not of hubris.

Robin Denniston, in a lively contribution, discusses Mervyn Stockwood's article in our December issue and the Archbishop of York's comments upon it in his *York Quarterly*. The series ends significantly with a brief injunction to weekly communion by the Rev. Eric James, coupled with an admission that this stern command is based upon an arbitrary interpretation of Scripture.

GHANA'S FIRST YEAR

Our correspondent Michael Faber answers some of the most important questions about the country's performance and prospects.

Is there much disillusionment in Ghana?

A CERTAIN amount, yes, as there was bound to be. Many Ghanians expected Nkrumah's regime to accomplish all sorts of things that were never remotely possible. Higher wages, better housing, promotion of all Africans, the departure of all the British, lower prices, a shorter working week—all these were expected to flow from the ending of "British exploitation." Some Opposition speakers now claim that they have merely exchanged one oppression for another. But this is both rare and unfair. There really is a new feeling of freedom. A Government Member of Parliament told me: "Some people are disappointed and bitter, but most seem to have understood why we could not immediately do everything they had hoped for." Certainly from Cabinet Ministers downward there is an increasing awareness of the realities of political and economic life.

Does corruption flourish?

No, that would be putting it much too forcefully. The habit of "dashing" will probably survive for generations all along the West African coast, but there is not any convincing evidence of a major decision having been influenced by bribes. Worthy of comment, however, is the way in which Ministers seem to take it in turns at the Ministry of Commerce—the one place where "considerations" can be collected in exchange for import licences.

What about the five trade missions visiting different parts of the world? Are their journeys really necessary?

Commercially speaking, no. Ghana's chief exports are sold on the world market and no amount of travelling is going to have much effect on the amount sold or the prices paid. The missions therefore lay themselves open to a charge of being mere junkets for political pals. On the other hand, Ghanians had very little experience of foreign countries during the colonial period, and there is now a strong and understandable desire to get to know, and to get to be known in, other parts of the world.

What are the prospects in Ghana for foreign capital?

Nkrumah has said that he supports a mixed economy—with much of the major

investment undertaken by the State, but with private enterprise flourishing as well and foreign investment welcomed. At the moment taxes are pretty high, though concessions are offered until firms have established themselves. Only if there was a serious internal or international crisis in which Ghana was involved would investments stand in much danger of being nationalized. The present Opposition—the United Party—if it got into power would be likely to adopt an even more friendly attitude towards foreign capital.

Are they going on with the Volta River project?

The estimated cost of the project rises month by month, while demand for world supplies of aluminium becomes less intense. Certainly the Ghana Government is still trying to find the wherewithal to finance the project, but the chances at present are thought to be against it.

Can industrialization proceed without it?

Yes, but only on a small scale. The present Government is extremely anxious to promote industrialization, but many visiting economists do not share the opinion that industrialization on any large scale is at all necessary to Ghana's well-being. As long as land is fairly plentiful and offers a reasonable and comfortable living, there will not be much surplus labour wanting to be absorbed by industry. The costs of providing industrial employment are usually reckoned at £1,000 a head. It is very doubtful whether the size of the local market, or the competitive position of Ghana, would justify the absorption of more than 10,000 workers in industry over a number of years.

Is it true that the quality of Nkrumah's cabinet ministers is low?

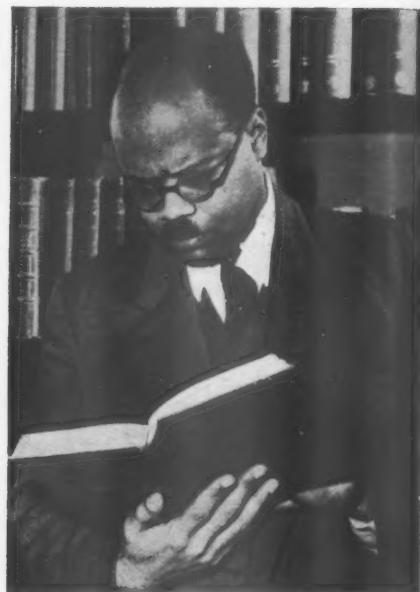
Yes. Gbedemah is generally thought to be the ablest of them, though Botsio and Baako are both extremely intelligent. The others are not very impressive, and it is probably true to say that the Opposition leaders are on the whole abler. This would certainly be true of the senior Ghanians in the Civil Service. On the other hand, the junior members of the Cabinet do not, in fact, possess much influence. Most of the important decisions are credited either to Nkrumah himself or else to a body known locally as

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PROFESSOR ARTHUR LEWIS.

"The Court at Christiansborg Castle." Members of the Court? Well, I asked often, and the general consensus was Gbedemah, Botsio, Baako, and Edusei among the Cabinet; Geoffrey Bing, the ex-British Labour M.P. and now Attorney-General; Professor Arthur Lewis, West Indian by origin, an extremely distinguished economist on loan from Manchester University; George Padmore, the West Indian author, long-time friend of Nkrumah, ex-Communist and advocate of Pan-Africanism, who now acts as the Prime Minister's "Adviser of African Affairs"; and Sir Robert and Lady Jackson. He is an Australian, an ex-Assistant Secretary General at the United Nations, and head of the whole Development Programme. Lady Jackson is better known as the author and lecturer, Barbara Ward.

How about Krobo Edusei?

He is a Tammany-Hall-type tough, Nkrumah's political henchman. Although he has cast much discredit on his boss, he is undeniably useful.

And Nkrumah himself—is he travelling the path towards dictatorship?

Nobody knows what is in Nkrumah's mind. But some things can be said with fair certainty. First of all it is very hard to

imagine any of the present West African leaders—though they have emerged through popular support—relinquishing power at the popular demand. This applies to Azikiwe, Awolowo, the Sardauna of Sokoto in Nigeria, and President Tubman in Liberia, as well as to Nkrumah. Moreover there have been definite authoritarian tendencies in Nkrumah's past thinking. There is, I believe, a likelihood that a genuine fear of what would happen to Ghana if the Opposition won power might tempt Nkrumah to set up a form of one-party government like that favoured in the Socialist Republics. Joe Appiah, who was for seven years the Prime Minister's personal representative in London, goes so far as to say that what Nkrumah had always planned was a period of, say, a couple of decades during which no opposition would be permissible, while the country modernized itself and was governed by the intellectual vanguard of the proletariat.

Nor is this scheme without its persuasive points. It may well be that Parliamentary democracy, as we know it, is too highly refined a system to survive amongst the largely illiterate populations of Africa, and that Nkrumah's rule would be preferable to any likely alternative. The practice of Parliamentary democracy is only possible if those who practise it love it sufficiently to keep it

GHANA'S FIRST YEAR



GEORGE PADMORE.

Keystone.



[GEOFFREY BING.

Bassano.

alive—if Government and Opposition alike are agreed that the processes of democracy itself are more important than the maintenance in power, or the policies, of either side. Neither the Opposition nor the Nkrumah Government, to my mind—nor any other politicians in Western Africa—have indicated that they appreciate the necessity for such reverence. Meanwhile, the more successful the Opposition are in fomenting dissension the greater must be the temptation to Nkrumah to modify the Constitution in such ways as would permit him to perpetuate his power. It is perhaps worth noting that the early members of his revolutionary society, the Circle, were compelled to vow personal allegiance to himself, and also that when he formed the Convention Peoples Party he made himself chairman for life.

What is the explanation for his secret marriage?

It remains a complete mystery. Several explanations are circulated in Accra, but they are really too bizarre to be repeated. Nkrumah lost a certain amount of popularity through his marriage.

What has been behind the deportations?

That is easy to answer. A desire to get rid of or at least to intimidate, certain sources of

opposition—particularly amongst the Muslim members of the community and the Press.

What is happening to the Civil Service?

Since the lump-sum compensation scheme came into force it has become clear that only a very few of the British colonial officials, perhaps 10 per cent., will remain beyond 1959. Consequently the Ghana Government is faced with filling two or three hundred important senior positions.

The United States, the U.N., and the British Government may be able to supply some of these, but there will still be a very severe shortage. The difficulty of the work has been greatly exacerbated not only by the inexperience of Ministers, but by the fact that nearly all the competent African clerks have been promoted to become junior administrative officers. On the whole there is a tendency for all the Ghanians to be doing one job more advanced than their capabilities would qualify them for.

Besides incompetence and inexperience, there is another more subtle difficulty. Ghana has been willed—a last legacy of her colonial apprenticeship—a reproduction of the delicate British relationship which exists between the politicians in power and the Civil Service. The essence of this system is that civil servants

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Dorothy Wilding.

LADY JACKSON (BARBARA WARD).

should tender advice, but accept and implement the decision of their Ministers, even if they disagree with them, and even—as frequently happens—if they know themselves to be both better informed and better intentioned than the Minister they have been appointed to serve.

Now, this system seems to be working very successfully in India, perhaps because there had been an Indian Civil Service in existence long before final independence was granted. But it is proving far harder to work in Ghana. For in Ghana a Civil Service is now taking the place of a Colonial Service, and the difference between them is psychologically profound. For whereas a civil servant administers the decisions of his Minister, a colonial official becomes used to taking the decisions himself. Curiously, it is the Ghanaian members of the Civil Service who are finding it most difficult to make this essential psychological adjustment. In Ghana, a Public Service Commission takes both appointments and promotions out of the hands of the Prime Minister. But if the civil servants cannot adapt themselves to taking orders from Ministers, their very independence may prove a danger to the State.

Who forms the Opposition?

The last general election was contested by

Nkrumah's C.P.P. and a number of small parties mostly based on local interests. All these small parties have now amalgamated into the U.P. (United Party) under the leadership of Professor Busia, head of the Department of Social Anthropology at the University College of Ghana. It is doubtful whether the U.P. have any single coherent line of policy, but several distinct tendencies and influences can be detected. The sources of this opposition are worth analysing. First there are the chiefs. It is Nkrumah's obvious intention to do away with what he considers to be the outdated tribal structure of "stools" as fast as he can, and to substitute a socially conscious Government orientated towards the centre. In order to speed this process, chiefs tend to be de-stooled (sometimes at the instigation of C.P.P. youth cadres) so that they can be replaced by amenable Government puppets. In the past the chiefs have served their purpose well. There were elements of democracy, both in the method of their election and in the methods by which they could be replaced, and they are still held in high esteem in many of the villages. A second source of opposition comes from the cocoa farmers, who resent the fact that the C.P.P. took over the Cocoa Marketing Board and paid them only a fixed price, however

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high the world price of cocoa rose. Naturally the U.P. tries to profit from this situation by promising the farmers that they would push up the local price. Third, there are the Ashantis, who tend to resent a Government so obviously centred on the south. And fourth, there are the intellectuals. It cannot be denied that these are on the whole against Nkrumah. His Ministers, his vanity, the deportations, his use of Edusei, his efforts to muzzle the Press, his action in putting his own head upon the stamps, in erecting the now famous statue, in moving into Christiansborg Castle all of these have left the intellectuals disillusioned and hostile.

What then is the overall judgment on the first year? And what of the long-term prospects?

On the whole Ghana has done about as well as anyone should have expected. Within the country itself there is still much impatience,

springing from an eagerness to show the world what anything anybody else has ever been able to do Africans can do also. The ambitions of the leaders of Ghana for their State are grandiose. They want to industrialize, to become a world power, and to lead the emancipation of Africa and to achieve all of these far faster than is possible. There is nothing unworthy about this, but one cannot help thinking that climate and custom, the very evident unwillingness of the Nigerians to accept Ghanaian leadership, and time itself, will all temper these ambitions.

Probably the best chance and hope is that Ghana will eventually settle down into being a prosperous and happy country of well-to-do peasant farmers, literate and—in time—democratic, without extremes of rich or poor: a country something like Denmark or New Zealand.

MICHAEL FABER.

THE AMERICAN RECESSION

By DENYS SMITH

THE United States is in the midst of the most unusual and best advertised recession in its history. At the moment it is the biggest American domestic news story. It could become the biggest international story. A slump in the United States affects the whole free world, for it has been said that "when America sneezes other nations get pneumonia."

The recession is unusual because, while unemployment increases and production falls, prices still rise. Administration opponents sarcastically refer to this as the "Eisenhower miracle." The law of supply and demand no longer seems to work. Goods are plentiful and demand less active, but the cost of living goes up none the less. The chief reason is that the components of prices are not flexible and responsive; or, as some term it, there are too many "administered prices." Another factor causing rigidity is the existence in over half the States of fair trade laws permitting manufacturers to make price-fixing agreements with retailers, of which more later.

The recession is well advertised because it is a political issue. The United States should have its recessions in the odd-numbered years. The even-numbered are election years. When an Administration has made good times a campaign argument it cannot per-

haps complain too much if its opponents make it responsible for the recession. But there is a subconscious urge on the part of opposition spokesmen to exaggerate its depth and bring pressure on the government to "do something." There is danger in this "planned pessimism," as the Republicans call it, since public psychology and public confidence influence economic attitudes. There is an equal danger in the other extreme of false optimism, since needed corrective steps might not be taken in time. The Congressional elections in November make an objective attitude hard to maintain.

The present evidence provides an arguable case either for the view that the recession will cure itself or for the view that "massive" government intervention is needed. The interpretation of the evidence varies according to the political convictions of the interpreter. On the optimistic side there is the fact that the two previous post-war recessions lasted from ten to twelve months. The present recession started last July, so it should have run its course this spring. This school believes that inventory stocks are being depleted and will soon have to be filled with new manufacturing. Retail buying was high in January, though February figures suffered from the consequences of unusually bad

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weather. But they should show strength again in March. Measures already taken to ease credit will begin to have effect. So will increased government defence orders and accelerated public works projects already begun. The most effective argument used by the other school is the "stitch in time saves nine" argument. A recession which could be ended, say, by an immediate tax-cut now might gather size like a rolling snowball during the next few months.

The danger is that the country will talk itself sick. Men out of work for the first time in their lives get panic-stricken and communicate their feelings of insecurity to their neighbours. People have already begun to postpone doing things even though there has been no change in their income or prospects. Very few car owners have suffered a reduction of buying power, but they have been holding back. The sales of new model cars this year, estimated at six million, will probably turn out to be only four million. Lack of confidence is preventing car owners taking on a new slice of instalment debt. They "make do" with the old car which has already been fully paid for. There is also a possibility, of course, that people just do not like the new models. For one thing they are about a foot too long to fit into the average garage. New housing starts this year are expected to be between 1,100,000 and 900,000. One reason the lower figure may prove the more accurate is this. When you buy new cars you pay in part by trading in the old car. But there is no similar mechanism for "trading in" houses. There are thousands of people all over the country now trapped with two houses. They thought they could sell their old house soon after they bought their new house, but they cannot. So they find themselves with two sets of mortgage payments on their hands which cuts into available money for other types of spending. And their neighbours, seeing the trouble they are in, refrain from buying a new house themselves. Buying new houses in America, incidentally, is about as normal as buying new cars.

The situation is still very far from the big depression of 1929-30 which was never really reversed till the war. There are about 62.5 million people working and five million seeking work and unable to find it. A year ago in the midst of the boom about 63.2 million were working and about three million were out of work. Thus in a labour force of around 68 million about two million more people are out of work now than were jobless when boom conditions existed. Statistically

this cannot be regarded as a catastrophic situation requiring drastic counter-measures, particularly when there is no certainty that the counter-measures will work. In 1938, after three years of deficit financing, the employed were 44,200,000, the unemployed 10,400,000. The percentage of unemployed to employed was 19 per cent. In 1939 there were 45,800,000 employed, the unemployed were 9,500,000 and the percentage 17.2. In 1940 there were 47,500,000 employed and 8,100,000 unemployed, or 14.6 per cent. The recession would have to be twice as bad before economic conditions were as serious as the year before Pearl Harbour.

The big question is whether it will in fact grow twice as bad. Eisenhower has, in effect, given himself a "deadline." If the official March statistics published around mid-April do not show the beginning of the end, do not show that natural forces (with some government aid and Federal Reserve assistance) are correcting the recession as they did in '48-49 and in 1953-54, he will take action. Normally there is a seasonal revival of employment in the spring. If there is not this year, and the unemployment totals continue to increase, then something serious is wrong. Congressmen will start tumbling over themselves to vote remedial measures for which they can claim the credit in the November elections without waiting for any Administration measures. Public works projects in their own constituencies would help them politically. A tax cut is always popular in an election year provided any reasonable-sounding excuse (such as putting more money in the hands of the consumer) can be found. It must have been many years since one single government statistic, like this April report on the March unemployment situation, can have had such political and economic importance, can have been interpreted and counter-interpreted so vigorously.

Government economists and Federal Reserve officials attribute the recession to the fact that past inflationary excesses were not checked in time. (Their critics say that they did not take off the anti-inflationary brakes soon enough.) If you push too hard in the inflationary direction when the recession has started to cure itself they argue, you will encourage a worse inflation than that which preceded the recession. You would be taking a swing at hard times, the villain, and hit the hero, good times, who had just stepped into the villain's place.

Attributing America's present economic troubles to past inflationary excesses could be

THE AMERICAN RECESSION

put another way by saying that before the recession the United States was moving above its long term-expansionist trend (of about 3 per cent. every year). The twelve-post war years were marked by very high business activity. The catching up is now about over. An era has ended. There is no more backlog of war-cursed shortages, or pent-up consumer demand.

The Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, Mr. William Martin, could find many people to agree with his view that the boom excesses of 1955-57 caused the present recession. The nation's economy, he told a Congressional Committee, recently is like a patient who has been overtaxing his strength. "All must be done that can be done to help the patient recover. But the Government must be careful not to rush in with a hypodermic that would prompt the patient to run the hundred yards dash then fall back in a worse state than he was before. A long-term recovery is assured provided you don't engage in too much foolishness." In an election year this is hard advice for Congressmen to follow. The temptation is to try anything, not because they think it will work, but because it will give voters the impression that they are at least trying.

The percentage decline in industrial production and gross national product have so far kept pace with the decline of the two previous post-war recessions, which suggests that the present recession may be similar. In the two previous recessions, however, consumer spending declined for only a short period (around three to five months) and then went up again. This time consumer spending appears to be lagging longer. In the two earlier post-war recessions reductions in retail prices encouraged consumer buying. Lower prices are a better stimulant for increased purchases than higher wages, because lower prices aid every buyer. The unions argue that wage increases would increase consumer demand and provide a needed stimulus to retail sales. But firms hit by increased wage costs will cut spending on expansion and improvements, or try to pass on the higher cost in higher prices. So demand is likely to fall off still more. In a recession there can be no wage policy that has a beneficial effect on both consumer spending and capital spending. If you help one, then you harm the other. But consumer spending can be sparked by lower prices, while a policy of strikes may as usual further upset the economy. The recessions has led to no change in the union strike policy, just a change

in union arguments. Another consideration is that though increased pay for union members would mean more consumer money it would also mean smaller business profits. Since shareholders in a big corporation are about equal in number to its pay-roll, there would be less consumer money on that side offsetting more consumer money on the pay-roll side.

Price-cutting started in the small appliance field late in February after General Electric abandoned its fight for "fair trade" agreements with retailers. This is the term applied to laws passed by a majority of States after the depression of the 1930's permitting manufacturers to make agreements with retailers not to sell their products below list-price. Congress passed a law exempting such agreements from federal antitrust acts. But manufacturers found themselves engaged in perpetual litigation to enforce the agreements and protect the retailers who had entered into them. Congress refused to pass any supporting law to prevent customers buying outside States with fair trade laws and having the products shipped to them. The present recession may have dealt "fair trade" policies the death blow. But because retail competition is now permitted in the rather limited field where it was restricted, it does not follow that all retail prices will come tumbling down.

To sum up. The two previous post-war recessions were chiefly inventory recessions. This one is combined with the end of the post-war boom, the end of the restocking phase by consumers and by business. The accumulated war-time shortages have been filled. So far the inventory correction has largely taken place. Manufacturers are working off their stocks like the camel living off its hump. When nearly all are used up they will start manufacturing more. When firms they supply have used up their stocks they will start ordering again. But the full impact of the curtailment in plant and equipment spending has yet to be felt. An offsetting factor is the approaching impact of increased national defence spending. Predicting economic conditions becomes a little like predicting weather conditions. You have your cold front and your warm front, but cannot be quite certain whether the latter will move fast enough in displacing the former to bring about fair weather. As this is written the recession is still spreading. But the pace of the decline is slowing down. The great majority of consumers—those whose earnings have not been affected by unemploy-

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ment—are holding back their spending to see if things get worse. The same mental attitude influences business spending. But there has been a flicker of renewed activity here and there. The advent of spring, with its sunshine and flowers, may make things look more cheerful and cause purse-strings to be loosened. Just as the recession itself was slow in starting

and slow in being recognized so will be the recovery from it. At the end of this year, as people look back, they may see that the bottom was reached around March and April and that the coming year will show a marked resumption of the regular expansionist trend.

DENYS SMITH.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, National and English Review

A CHURCH LIVING IN THE PAST

From the Warden of Kelham

SIR,

The Church Assembly recently discussed the training of men for the Ministry. The discussion (as reported in the press) appeared only to touch on, but not fully to discuss, one essential element in the training of men for ordination, namely, the call to live sacrificially. A great opportunity appears to have been lost. The Archdeacon of Nottingham, in the final number of the *Southwell Review* (Winter 1957), under the heading, "Fit Persons—For What?" gave a definite lead to all discussions on training for the Ministry when he said: "Many people would say that on its present level the call to ordination is little more than a call to limited comfort, to accept limitations rather than sacrifices. And so they would urge that until the Church demands real sacrifices from those to whom, in God's name, she speaks, there can be little hope of a larger response in numbers. This kind of call would, of course, involve poverty and celibacy—not for all time but at least for a limited period such as five years after ordination."

I would like to call attention to the following points:

(1) Nobody would deny that the clergy of the Church of England work hard and live (relatively) economically. They have to in order to live at all.

(2) But the call to sacrifice or consecration as it is portrayed in the Gospels is to be ready to leave all and follow Christ. In the history of the Church that has meant leaving home, family and friends, and foregoing the hope of marriage and home for many years, often for life, for the sake of the Church. How else can the Church do her work and give *all* her energy, time, and brains, to the work of teaching, preaching, and evangelizing?

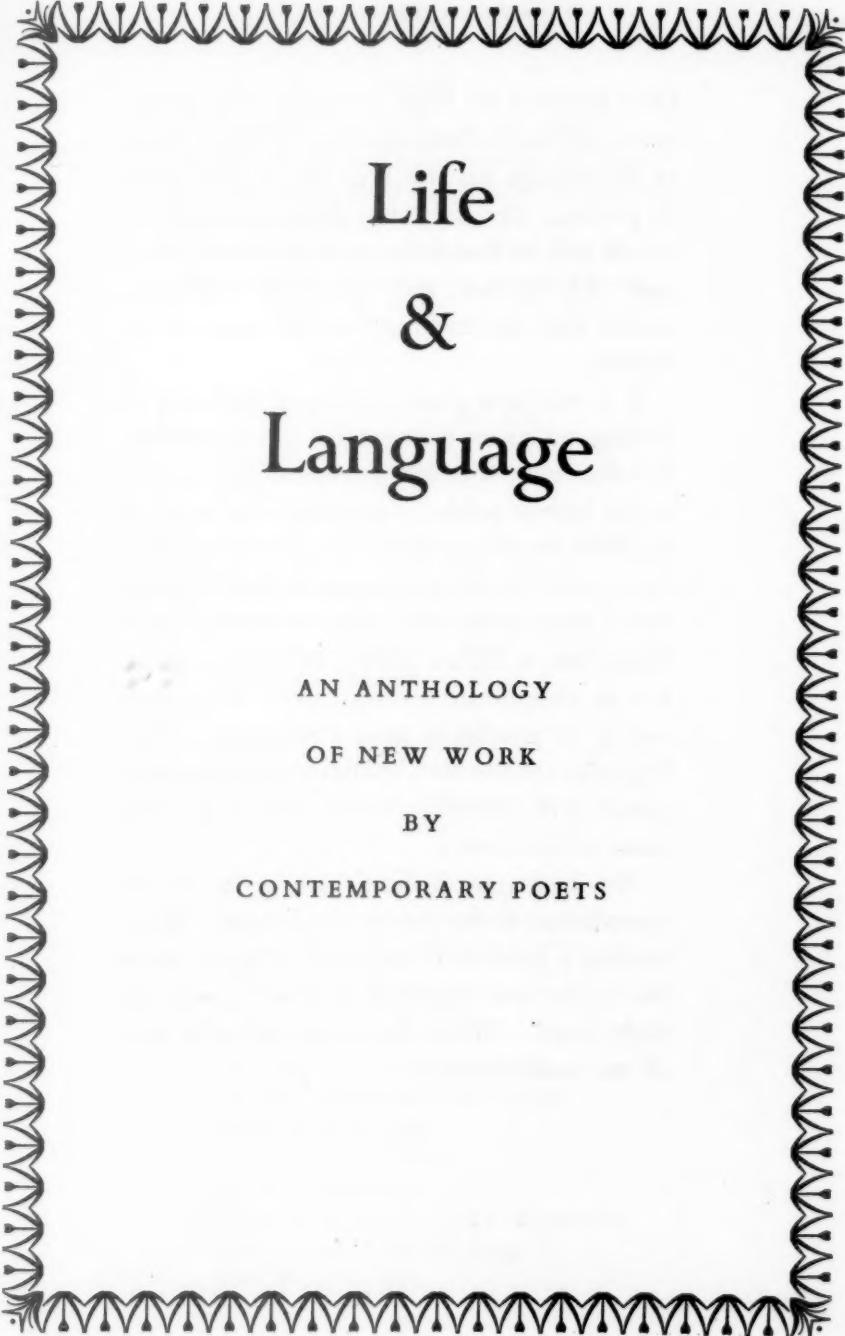
(3) This sacrificial call to leave all and follow Christ means loneliness, hardship, suffering, and the giving up of much which others can rightly have and enjoy.

(4) If God is calling men to serve in the ordained Ministry of the Church then the needs of the Church should be of primary importance. But if so many young men are marrying soon after ordination then it would seem as if early marriage was a matter of primary consideration and that the Church's needs must take second place.

(5) I would urge that we challenge the youth of to-day to respond to the call of Christ crucified. But it is of little use waiting until young men are training for ordination before doing so. By that time they will have been conditioned to the norm of engagement and marriage, especially as their contemporaries are marrying earlier. We need a clear and arresting call from our fathers in God, parish clergy and others, which will fire the imagination of the younger men and challenge them to heroic response so that they will gladly give themselves to work where the needs of the Church are greatest, the work toughest, and the conditions hardest. To evangelize the thousands in our industrial areas, and elsewhere, and to meet the needs of the Church overseas, demands a bolder conception of the parson's job than that which prevails at the moment. We need more team work, more daring strategy, a wider vision of what God intends the Church to be and to do. Without this we shall make little appeal to the young men of to-day and none to the young men of to-morrow.

Yours faithfully,
H. THEODORE SMITH, S.S.M.

*House of The Sacred Mission,
Kelham, Newark, Notts.
March 1, 1958.*



Life & Language

AN ANTHOLOGY

OF NEW WORK

BY

CONTEMPORARY POETS

Over centuries the English language has illuminated life, and has been illuminated by it. Most of all, perhaps, has this been true in the realm of poetry. The following short collection, in which will be found the work of poets young and old, known and relatively unknown, proves that the tradition has lost none of its vitality.

It is said that poets now have difficulty in finding outlets for their work. A responsibility therefore rests with any periodical that appeals to the literate public to make some of its space available for new poetry. The *National Review* has carried poems from time to time (it published some of the last poems of Walter de la Mare) but in future poetry will be a regular, not an exceptional, feature. Only at intervals will it be possible to have a miniature anthology, like the one which follows: but individual poems will henceforward be found in most issues of the *Review*.

No biographical details are given of the contributors to this poetry supplement. When reading a poem it is irrelevant to know where the author was educated or how he earns his daily bread. What the poem itself tells us is all we need to know.

AUDREY BEECHAM

Poem

With what pity and yet torment do I seek
You who like the dark lair of the shell sing sweet
And where the enfolded darkening whorl of the rose
Comforts in coolness the mystery enclosed
There if the quest compelled should pry or prise
The rose pink shelter cracks and the rosehead dies.

PATRICIA BEER

Siesta

We have come back again
Into a city where all daylight
Stops at the skin, and sunshine
Rolls off us like rain.

Our minds have caught us.
Sleep may look fluffy as mimosa
But we are tense as twigs inside it.
Eyelids like breakwaters

Keep out the sea and the fish
That sailors know, but entertain
Dragons with footprints deep as wells.
Hooped in a wish

We murder kings
And make love underneath the hill
Of sleep, and become trolls ourselves
When the earth stings.

We are not truly wed
Or widowed, who have pulled the shutters
Close, for sleep is not like dying,
More like going mad,

And no compassion
Can sieve the ghosts out of our bodies,
Ghosts that draw their breath like magnets,
After their own fashion.

EDMUND BLUNDEN

In an Album, 1958

The eye of eternity
By now must be skilful,
And our bright modernity
As much as King Lear wilful.

Then, love and all affairs
Must close very soon;
We must strip off our cares
In the light of the moon.

But the moon is a curious eye,
Not eternal, yet alight:
And I'll dance not, no, not I,
While she stares at us tonight.

JOSEPHINE BROCKLESBY

Interview

Suave light from a seared sky
Plunges the gloom of the hollow room
Brushing past the kind inquisitors
It strikes a scared girl on a stiff chair.
Sensitive, cultured, the questioners,
Help her harsh youth—gay vivisectioners—
Help her when suddenly mute
Or bursting into flashing words.

Calm woman on the cool wall,
Still the frenzy of her mind.
To the girl gutter-bred chip-fed crude
Voice uneven, rude,
Artificially gay,
Good lady, say,
Lady full of grace,
There are worse places than her place.

RICHARD CHURCH

Aconites

Hardly worth a passing glance,
They lie where the melting snow has left
Mats of grass pinned by a lance
Of ice that might be broken glass.

But the long winter has bereft
The earth of other blooms, and these
Yellow cups and saucers of green
Shaped for Queen Mab, or perhaps Tom Thumb,
Are the most hopeful things I've seen
Beneath the February trees.

Somehow my blood is not so numb
As yesterday, and though I'm old,
I drink youth from these cups of gold.

GLORIA EVANS DAVIES

London

Walking in the fog I think of Destiny,
Buds seasoned by human griefs, Big Ben bitterly
Silent after a last farewell to yesterday.
Only the dark-eyed windows know I come this way.

Beneath the lamp light I linger on the low,
Endless bridge. Thames, sail me a slow slow
Boat of dreams out of the harbour of all my fears.
Fog like a lover separates me from the world and my tears.

My London, remember in the hours that slink pass
Children will gather flowers not of the earth, grass
And deep leaves were our dreams, and how rain
Shall fall as a mantle over Dawn's cold shoulders again.

I lodged in darkness for the journey home. The sun
Follows me even though the final war has not been won.
By the Thames I reach for a bough song-high,
And disturb a thousand, twittering birds to the amber sky.

C. DAY LEWIS

Things

The woman shuffled about her room
With a shut, sleepwalking air—
A room like a million other rooms,
A nondescript woman—absently
Touching each object there.

Ornaments, hangings, furniture looked
Of little worth; and this woman
Fingering the tasteless, time-dulled things
(Vaguely? raptly?) might seem no more
Than a connoisseur of the common.

It was as though her room, her world
Had blurred with fog, and she
Was feeling her way from chair to clock,
From vase to mahogany table, less
By sight than by memory.

Could that chair be patterned in her youth-time's bold
Embraces? the cracked ewer
Retain the essence of rose-blown days? . . .
Her calmed eyes mirror the power of things
To console or to reassure.

There was more to this touching routine than mere
Habit or pride of possessing.
As she went the round of her shabby room,
Her hands were lightened—the hands of one
Who gave, and received, blessing.

PATRIC DICKINSON



A Bathe in the River Duddon

Into this emerald crucible of clear cold;
Into this emerald naked as now we can,
(No beast nor golden bough uncatalogued unnamed
By twentieth-century man), into this emerald
Neither guilty nor ashamed by any god's voice
We slip; our bodies freeze stone-hard enough to be
Worked by Praxiteles. Such absolute delight
Cannot be told at once. No sculptor nor Medusa
Could carve our living out of this moving emerald.

Thirty-thousand-feet in the air, an insulated youth
From sun and water wombed, in his plane explores the riches
And reaches of us both. We sit on the sunbaked stones
Riveted to a wood-mouse on the river bank
Going about its business oblivious of us.
The winding river flows, the vapour-trail above
Is Roman in its power, a world-winding-sheet,
To nullify our love. We melt from this emerald
And through our marble flesh feel the blood flush, and naked,
One powerless man and woman, observe the world and think
Of worlds there are to meet.

ROY FULLER

The Hittites

Short, big-nosed men with nasty conical caps,
Occasionally leering but mostly glum,
Retroussé shoes and swords at oblong hips—

Or so the stone reliefs depicted them.
But how trustworthy can those pictures be?
Even in that remote millennium

The artist must have seen society
From some idiosyncratic vantage point.
Short, big-nosed, glum, no doubt, but cowardly,

For him, as always, the time was out of joint;
And his great patrons as they passed the stone
Would turn their eyes and mutter that complaint

Whose precise nature never will be known.

BRIAN GILES

At Night: Late Spring

Behind the house—this at the treeline—
Drifts of silence melting along the upland valleys.
Darkness murmurs deep under rock, flows
Coldly from stone—when stone spoke, it would utter so
Blackly —; merlin mountains (not for miles
Not a footfall there) . . .
And spring drenching down over the mountains.

Picked a bird's skull from the grass: lay in your hand,
Pale.
Stood at the door: around you, susurration, voices, intonations,

Star-whimpering, trodden grass lifting, earth
Turning:

not a farm-dog barking,
Over the wall the bullocks breathing quietly
As earth breathes.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON

The Children

They came by night, one fierce, one wild,
broke through the hedge and climbed the gate;
they trampled the beds, each savage child,
tore out the plants in sullen hate.

Where I had worked my careful year
they wrench'd off everything that grew,
in minutes made the slow earth bare:
my work is all again to do.

Why did they come, so cruel and small,
gleeful to kill the herbs I grow?
Who had sent them to crush and gall
my land, my hopes, my flowering row?

Though I must dig and plant again,
I fear the night when they will rage.
Where shall I find the bar, the chain,
to hold their madness in its cage?

GEOFFREY HILL

Orpheus and Eurydice

Though there are wild dogs
Infesting the roads
We have recitals, catalogues
Of protected birds;

And the rare pale sun
To water our days.
Men turn to savagery now or turn
To the laws'

Immutable black and red.
To be judged for his song,
Traversing the still-moist dead,
The newly-stung,

Love goes, carrying compassion
To the rawly-difficult;
His countenance, his hands' motion,
Serene even to a fault.

ANDREW JAMES

Piero di Cosimo : Mythological Subject National Gallery

Dead, she is laid along the flowers of the shore.
Her sandalled feet no longer reap the cool of grass,
Nor do her hands take pleasure in the rarest leaves
Or still the simple medicines from marvellous herbs.

From her wounded throat her helpless hands have snatched
The terrible surprise of blood, and loosed their wrists
Beyond dismay. Their grief died with her shadow
As she stumbled over nothing out of light.

A shaggy satyr kneels at her unpillowed head
And bends the baffled wildness of his pointed face
On her abandonment, whose open secret
Haunts his curious desire with candid death.

In gestures of profound concern, he cups
Her rounded shoulder in his hand, as if to shield
The still-astonished heart within her careless breast;
And brushes tears or tresses from her blinded face.

At her crossed feet, that still appear to fly
The grassy shadow that pursued her to the death,
A sorrowing hound keeps watch within the shade
Of his peculiar bush, and guards her with his grief.

Beyond their tragic meadow, on an estuary's sandy marsh,
Three hellish dogs play out their reckless games.
A fleet of herons arcs the distant port where ships
And pelicans pavan the fatal bay.

A famished sapling, neither near nor distant, spires
Its wisps of leaf between her shoulder and the heaven
Of this legendary day.—Its airy fountain lofts her soul
From roots that grasp the secret in her earthy breast.

CHRISTOPHER LEVENSON

Prologue

Wherever through the world's cold distance we
May find a home, high winds shall seek us out,
Flood, earthquake, hurricane, shall put to rout
Our dearest dreams; our best security
Will crumble while we watch. There is no doubt,
No shadow of hope, can give the lie
Or long survive this sure imagining:
That's my song's burden, that is why I sing.

PETER LEVI, S.J.

Saecular decay can be
arrested only in agony.
Triumphal corrupted stone
hangs down from the mind's bone,
air- and water-hanging trees
eroded images
weep that time must be
repaid in mental agony.

Father's death, swell of the moon,
glitter of a shrinking one:
night orbing home her food,
chemistry of suffering blood,
or the young heart or the old
stiffening through degrees of cold
in the mind can only be
drops of an elemental agony.

Atoms of the refracting brain
should in one mind one grief contain,
wars in a tear, whole systems in a grain,
and in the mind alone,
the suffering eye of noon,
the element and the agony might be one.

EDWARD LOWBURY

Nightingale

By what strange oversight
Of Nature was that bird
Permitted to make light

Of the darkness, and be heard
When others are asleep,
Having the only word?

We dazzled listeners keep
Our silence and remain
Awake, not counting sheep

While that inebriate strain
All night opens our ears
To an old chapter of pain—

So, at least, to us it appears,
The song which to their race
May bring no tale of tears

But some slight commonplace.

JAMES MICHIE

From her imaginative arms
Sometimes there has come
Such a downpouring of gesture
That it has startled the room
Back to be a cave and made
Sicilian images bloom

From the sad modern ground.
No repetition but time
Can I find in her country,
No one thing the same
In a day and a night's journey
But a re-uttered name.

DOM MORAES

Card Game

Unfold the table, cut and deal the cards.
It would be perfect, if you only lacked
That queer hypocrisy: but deal the cards.
These pictured kings and royalties contract
The great dishevelled world of my distress
Into an unsuspected tenderness.

What was the tale you told behind my back?
I know that from my worst you made your best.
You are the knave, the liar in the pack,
Too human always, childheart, to be honest.
Yet something we have shared compels your claim
To an emotion that I cannot name.

I name your savagery, childish and shy,
But I revolve my reasoning like a crank.
Buried in all our pasts are greed and lies,
Anger and hateful actions: and I think
That frigid chumminess of my boyhood
Came closest to a deep material good.

O now we stare, sight with lost stances blended,
Each to himself a shadow on a screen:
Tomorrow our accustomed life is ended,
Plans must be made, this d'v'l' familiar scene
Be done with, roots turn up where we began.
Smiling at you, I know we will not smile together again.

HAROLD MORLAND

To One Hoping to Visit Rome

To A.

What then do you expect of Rome?

Not sudden conviction
From the tortuous rhetoric of Bernini's marble
That denies its nature with a paradox
Calling your attention to the skill
That makes a lie seem truer than the truth
—And life in Rome is all a paradox

(For nowhere in the world you'll find
Such an obvious yet successful
Cold seduction lighting the flicker of fire
In your feeling mind
And pointing a fleshly finger up to God).

Or will you lounge on the Spanish Steps
Near the house where John Keats died
And feel the ache of evening?
And you'll stand in correct aesthetic awe
At Angelo's beautiful Christ,
Where the marble seems to hold
More praise than centuries of human throats . . .
Or will you
 being, as I know
—As I know you—
The older Hadrian's *animula blandula*
Vagula nudula
 a naked heart
Breathing the vivid air,
Watch not the ghosts of great men walking,
But sit on a café chair
In the Piazza dell'Esedra maybe
—Anywhere—
With the delicate fibres of your spirit feeding
Your subtle unassertive love
On the blessing light that lives, since the glancing eyes
Of poets, artists, lovers and saints

—Oh casually—

Never die but keep the air quick, to breed
In you a god.

JOHN PUDNEY

Village Monday

Where the sour apples breathe a greener light,
Where gossips lean their bicycles at gates,
Where a collector pencils out distrustful sums,
Where cheapest sauces find the cracks in plates,
An angel comes.

Come eagerness of spirit! Come sweet plague,
So pitiless in frolic! Close your teeth
Upon the ankle of distrust. O flash your wings
And crown the raddled tell-tale with your wreath
Of apple blossomings.

HERBERT READ

bower bird

blest orange crest
Hunstein with Goldie
beak boy and olive-
brown breadwinner

bright basket and bough
black sap of berry
confused inclusion
of crumb and plunder

wispy tunnel
whiteleaf woe
doles the shrill canticle
uptil a wild thorn

a fabric cone
and Christ why wonder
such telltale cumber
of hormone provender

PETER REDGROVE

The Dust

But walking through the dust, under the beams,
Cobwebbed, handprinting, she turns round the rooms,
Puts her hand to her hair, and to the light space
Where the mirror was. The dust-spice
Seasons her memories of when she lived here
For twenty years in a house on hire,
Young woman of no deaths and one child.
By a broken pane her cheek is chilled
As she bends down and rubs the unwashed glass
Clanking and booming over the boards (thankless
Task for some sort of ghost
Whittling its possessions, to grind this dust
And load the dottle in a gust
And brush and layer-on like glue).
Now nose wrinkles with dust and ruth
At the garden of spikes and a balding lawn
A broken roller and a fruit-tree down;
She felt, and who'd not feel the same,
Embalanced with death: in the near air
Motes slowly bounced down to the floor,
Galliarded about her in a zone,
But fell far off like stone.

BURNS SINGER

A Breeze against Secrets

The sides of the earth are splitting with laughter.
Green bodkins stab at the ghosts in the ground.
The commotion of clouds could hardly be dexterous
And pennies are spent with the air of a pound.

A factory whispers obliquely in smoke
Though it doesn't command the ear of the sky.
Evicted ghosts, by their silence, provoke
A breeze against secrets for all they imply.

And wideawakened buses grunt
To badger lights from an obstinate red:
A green, more timidly, flicks to the front:
Not a bit of death is left for the dead.

STEPHEN SPENDER

Something or Someone Else

How he happened to be himself
And not someone-or-other else
He never could quite explain.

Who he was, seemed an open question.
He looked at every occupation
As you might at clothes rigged up
On a tailor's dummy in a shop.
An admiral, a business man, a politician,
Thinking—"Any of these, I might have been."

Yet it was an unavoidable conclusion
That there were certain things he had to be.
For instance, a man. Such-and-such a day
Was bound to be his birthday; and, on it,
He attained an age fixed by that date.

And then he was a husband and had children,
And he fitted in an office like the furniture.

Yet he never seemed quite sure
Even of certainties: left, as it were, a gap
Between his name, sex, birth, wife, occupation,
(These he was always writing out on forms),
And his real self.

Sometimes, he wondered
Whether he was unborn, or had died quite lately,
... A space dreaming potentialities.

At any rate, there was something he should have been,
And it was too late, and he had the sensation
Of being a ghost who reads a history book
And comes to a page left blank
Which should have been about him.

JOHN WAIN



Au Jardin des Plantes

The gorilla lay on his back,
One hand cupped under his head,
Like a man.

Like a labouring man tired with work,
A strong man with his strength burnt away
In the toil of earning a living.

Only of course he was not tired out with work,
Merely with boredom; his terrible strength
All burnt away by prodigal idleness.

A thousand days, and then a thousand days,
Idleness licked away his beautiful strength,
He having no need to earn a living.

It was all laid on, free of charge.
We maintained him, not for doing anything,
But for being what he was.

And so that Sunday morning he lay on his back,
Like a man, like a worn-out man,
One hand cupped under his terrible hard head.

Like a man, like a man,
One of those we maintain, not for doing anything,
But for being what they are.

A thousand days, and then a thousand days,
With everything laid on, free of charge,
They cup their heads in prodigal idleness.

DAVID WRIGHT

Sunrise between Burnley Barracks and Burnley Central

Poised to destruction, beautiful as their ruins,
Each smoking column
Bugling its mill or factory, and, next to them,
The hunched and urban
Tenements grey and glittering as the morning.
—I ride above them,
Carried by an anonymous train punctually keeping
Station appointments,
Imagining how the green of a fieldbound hill
Shut, once, the rising
Day from a gentler modification of the dull
Natural horizon:
Yet with no more and no less magnificence than
The sad Lancashire
Industrial hymn of slate, cobble, and stone,
Light to transfigure
In the palm of darkness waits with verse and choir
Of unjudgeable human
Ingenuity and reaction, for the nature
And occasion of morning.

Books: General

SQUEAMISH RUSKIN? *

By OLIVER VAN OSS

RUSKIN kept two journals, the *Diary for Feeling*, which he destroyed, and the *Diary for Intellect*, which remained unpublished until the greater part of the original manuscripts were bought by the late J. Howard Whitehouse at the Severn Sale in 1931.

This second volume, generously illustrated and skilfully edited, covers the years 1848-73, years which saw the publication of the *Stones of Venice*, of the *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, Volumes 3-5 of *Modern Painters* and *Unto this Last*. The same period witnessed his growing interest in Political Economy and Social Reform, the slow blighting and annulment of his marriage and the withering pain of his love for Rose La Touche, the delicate and over-intense Irish girl who was thirty years his junior. These were indeed the central years of Ruskin's intellectual and emotional experience, and these diaries will prove an essential source for anyone who wishes to trace the development of his thought or unravel still further the tangled story of his emotional inadequacies and frustrations—a tale of tragic grandeur, set in a minor key, losing nothing in intensity for all its lack of violence.

What is there here for the ordinary reader? Of his relations with his wife or with Rose, only the bleakest of hints. "1854. 35. E leaves me in spring. Tour to Switzerland. Preparing third Vol. Mod. P.," he wrote in a list of his travels, two years later. On January 7, 1870, when Rose passed him in the street without speaking to him, he merely put a cross after the date and left a whole page blank, possibly a more eloquent comment than anything he may have written in the "Book of Pain." Yet his dreams are recorded in full, and how terrifying a commentary they supply, with their endless scenes of great occasions just going wrong, as when he goes to Court and treads on the Empress Eugenie's dress, and the recurring hideousness of snakes and serpents with woman's breasts! The dark note of tragedy is sounded no less

penetratively when the young man of thirty-seven calculates "the number of days which under perfect term of human life I might have to live" and just jots down the figure at the end of each brief entry: 11794, 11793, 11792, 11791—an endless vista of empty days—or writes, in July 1867, "Wild wet day, passed in walking patiently to and fro in the room thinking of R," a phrase heavy with the relentless beat of hours, as pitiless as Sappho's "Time passes, and I lie alone."

The picture is not always so sombre. Those eyes of his missed nothing and he endearingly enters minor absurdities encountered during the day: the pompous village baker with his *Panification mécanique*, the ill-assorted books on sale outside the entrance to St. Mark's:

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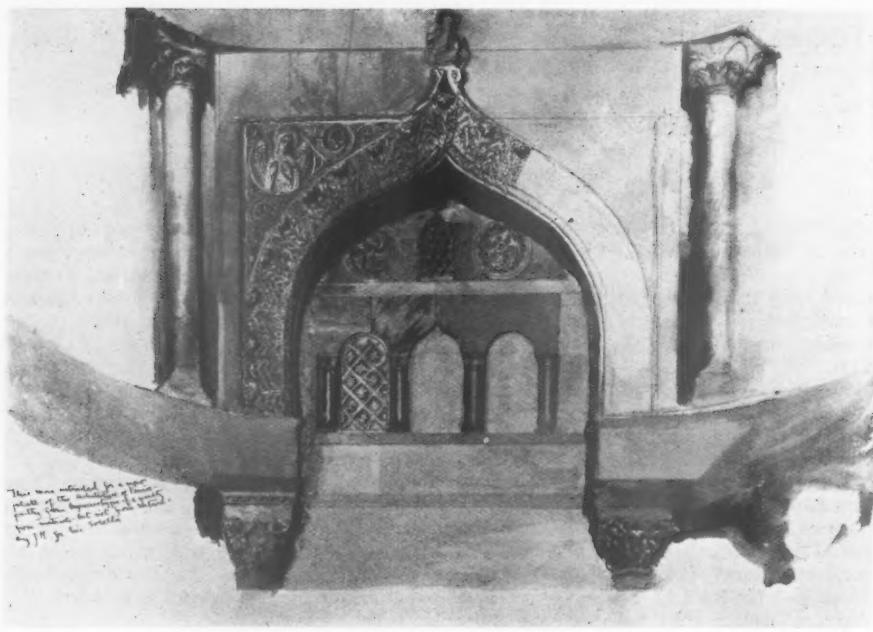
EDWIN MUIR

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* *The Diaries of John Ruskin*. Vol. 2. Selected and edited by Joan Evans and J. H. Whitehouse. Clarendon Press. 70s.

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW



STUDY OF A VENETIAN ARCH BY JOHN RUSKIN.

*La figlia del Reggimento, Melodramma comica
Carteggio di Madama la Marchesa di Pompadour
ossia raccolta di lettere scritte della medesima.
Instruzione di morale condotta per le figlie.*

The same observant annotation of human silliness emerges in the record of his awful mother's epitaph on the death of Ann Strachan, his old nurse, who was with the family till she died: "'She always persecuted me. But one must hope there are intermediate kinds of places where people get better' and, the next day, 'I blame myself entirely.' (Pause: I wondering what was to come next.) 'I ought to have sent her away three months after she came.'" Heavily serious as are most of the many comments on texts read and sermons listened to, he cannot resist entering, as a magnificent specimen of padding, the Edinburgh preacher's: "We command to thee the sick, beseeching thee to cure them—and we command to thee the diseased—beseeching thee to heal them" on which he comments drily: "Really I believe the only good of such sermons is the self-denial exercised in hearing them."

But all this is marginal. The complexities and contradictions of a man of genius are bound to be interesting, but it is his genius that matters. The excitement and inspiration of this book derives from the flashes of insight

it gives us into that genius, so that we glimpse its essence. Ruskin absorbs sense impressions like an inexhaustible sponge. His first reaction is sheer delight in the visual world, and it is this which imparts such warmth to his criticism. His heart leads his head—"les grandes pensées viennent du cœur"—he is always trying to tell the truth about what matters to him more than anything in the world. Yet he is saved from mere rhapsody, from that "emotional haze punctuated by nervous thrills" in which so much enthusiastic criticism ends, by his training as a geologist. His exceptional powers of observation were sharpened still further by the scientist's precise description of his data. There is an extraordinary passage (August 1853) in which he analyses bit by bit the colour of a highland stream, observed while he was out with Millais, holding the umbrella over him as he worked. He begins by describing it as golden-brown in various gradations; then notes a colder and gloomier ingredient; then a reflection of pure blue sky; then—

Looking a little longer, we shall find that the deep brown, which at first we thought was one colour, owes its appearance of lustre to the mingling of two: and on watching these, we shall find that, instead of brown, one half of this part of the water is deep green, being the

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LONGMANS

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

reflection of the trees on the bank, and the rest a brown which, in its various gradations, expresses all the shadows and lights of the rocks on the bank; and that there is no blackness without such a reflection. Finally, we shall find part of the water in a kind of light which keeps us from seeing the bottom, even in shallow places, a white, playing, unintelligible light, which will puzzle us at first considerably, but at last we shall find it to be the reflection of pieces of white cloud . . .

All this is of the very stuff of painting, noted with entire and consecrated absorption, at a time when Millais was engaged on the famous portrait of Ruskin standing by the stream (might not the Editors have reproduced it?) and was falling in love with Ruskin's wife. One could quote endlessly. The damp stones and green weeds of a neglected house in Venice: "the sound of water drops falling into a clear, calm, deep, stagnant branch of a streamlet"; the dark canal reflected "a dim chrysoprase" on the white under-bodies of the seagulls: the wrought iron of village balconies at Vercelli, crowded with pot plants "so that the whole balcony came as one rich mass of confused and delicate patterns, leafage and bars together, their sharp shadows still further enriching the whole against the burning white walls;"

This delight in pure seeing was disciplined by his understanding of form and structure, however and wherever manifested. While looking over the shells in the British Museum, he meditates on this whole problem of Form, deciding that all form may be considered as a function or exponent either of Growth or of Force and that "all forms are thus either indicative of lines of energy, or pressure, or motion, variously impressed or resisted, and are therefore exquisitely abstract and precise." There we may see the seeds of his passionate love of the Alps and of architecture—a beauty of light or invention imposed on the beauty of intelligible form.

There is much of the poet in Ruskin. Not merely in the prose style which has made him such a rich quarry for anthologists, but in his gift for sensing likenesses, for detecting "*correspondances*" between dissociated elements, as when he listens to the voices of villagers in the evening and the sound of the waves of the Arve, "mixed with cattle bells and with many strange and dim mountain sounds, mingled in confusion like the grey stones of the wall I leaned upon." To this he adds the Romantic's gift for seeing the inanimate world as if it had but that morning left the hand of its Creator. Yet in all this

rich endowment it is his humility before the object which is most characteristic and most peculiar. It is not the humility of the mystic or the poet, but the humility of the scientist before his data, and it is that, added to his aesthete's eye and heart, which made him the greatest genius of Art Criticism the world has known.

OLIVER VAN OSS.

TWO TRAVELLERS

I SAW FOR MYSELF. By Anthony Nutting. *Hollis and Carter.* 10s. 6d.

JOURNEY INTO CHAOS. By Paul Johnson. *MacGibbon and Kee.* 15s.

LOYALLY supporting her greatest living prophet, Professor Toynbee, history seems to have established a clear and regular pattern for the Middle East; a pattern of perpetual oscillation between a trend towards unification and a trend towards disintegration. These have been historically the only two enduring situations in the Middle East, turn and turn about, for the whole of recorded time. Either the whole area tends to pass under the domination of a single great power, internal or external; or it tends to disintegrate into what we in the West regard as chaos and anarchy—though without always making sufficient allowance for the fact that what we call chaos and anarchy are perfectly normal experiences for a great many inhabitants of the area, and that the lives of a great many others remain quite untouched by such experiences from above in any case.

The trend towards unification sometimes produces a scarcely less confused picture than that towards disintegration, for several reasons, not all of them peculiar to the Middle East. One is that unification is normally achieved by war and violence, which are themselves confusing experiences. Another is that the area has no natural boundaries around its exterior, so that although there have been several united Middle Easts in history, they have all had different and usually fluctuating perimeters on the map. A third, connected with the second, is that innumerable outsiders are always interfering at this cross-road of three continents. A fourth, connected with the third, is that any force driving towards unification often encounters (sometimes even evokes of itself) a rival force also tending towards unification, so that the area comes to be dominated not by one but by two rival empires. Examples abound: of a single empire, there were the cases of ancient Persia, of Alexander the Great, of the Arabs,

Two Travellers

and of the Ottoman Turks; of two rival empires, there were the cases of the Romans and the Persians between the coming of Christianity and the coming of Islam, and of the British and the French after the decline and fall of the Ottomans.

To-day we are quite possibly witnessing the turn of a tide. A normal interval of chaos and anarchy, such as succeeded the collapse of each of the prior empires, duly succeeded the withdrawal of French and British hegemony at the end of the Second World War. To-day the trend towards Arab unification seems unmistakable, but there are at least two rival forces striving to achieve it. One is embodied in the new Egyptian-Syrian union, which is republican and socialistic in outlook; and the other is embodied in the new Iraqi-Jordanian union, which rests on old-fashioned dynastic ties embellished with a refreshingly new look. The fate—indeed, the significance and even the reality—of both is still a matter open to question; and although the two unions are certainly rivals, and the first of the two would certainly like to subvert and absorb the second, it is not impossible that both may expand, survive, and even co-exist. The advantage of being accustomed to a state of chaos and anarchy is that the oddest bedfellows can learn to co-exist. It is perhaps even the likeliest prospect between the Arab states and Israel that, without ever openly coming to terms, they too may learn to co-exist on the simple principle that what cannot be cured must be endured.

This is the Middle East that Mr. Nutting and Mr. Johnson went to see at first hand during 1957. Though they do not mention each other by name, it seems likely that they were once or twice in the same place at the same time; and despite being written from a right-wing and a left-wing viewpoint respectively, there are other important things they have in common as well. Both were very much alarmed by many things they found in the Middle East, in particular by the threatening situation along the Persian Gulf (perhaps the most vital area in the world to-day to this country) and by the apparent absence of any British policy to deal with it. It is easy enough in principle to define British policy in the Middle East; it is, as it has always been for 200 years, to prevent any great power dominating the area to our potential disadvantage; and the rest, in that blessed phrase which now seems to have shed all vestige of Latinity, is *ad hoc*. It is perfectly clear to both these two observers, however, that this will no longer do in practice.

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CASSELL

Two Travellers

Mr. Nutting, with the caution born of experience of office, has nothing new to say about what ought to be done. Indeed, he has very little that is new to say about anything, but his observation of what is already well known is reasonable and realistic. He is perhaps unduly confident in declaring that Nasser "had gone downhill fast" (in 1957 compared with 1954), and unduly hard on the Shah of Persia in attributing his policy of distributing land to the peasants entirely to the influence of the present Prime Minister when he was Minister of Court. But at least his judgment is generally based on personal observation, not on prejudice or speculation; though it is surprising that he should have failed to notice that Isfahan is a considerable industrial town as well as a haven of old-world culture and peace. The only seriously misleading passage in the book is in the introduction, where he leads the reader to expect considered conclusions arising from his Middle Eastern tour. Despite a final chapter of four pages called "Conclusion," there are none worthy of the name.

Mr. Johnson is more ambitious. He knows what ought to be done in the Middle East, and he knows that only a Labour Government can do it. "Labour's hands are untied," he argues, "and sometime in 1959, in all probability, a Labour Prime Minister will be called upon to form a Government." To be fair to the first half of this bold claim, it should be added that Mr. Johnson has *not* forgotten the Labour Party's contribution to the fiasco in Persia in 1951. He just thinks it has been lived down, or anyway eclipsed into insignificance by the Conservative Party's fiasco in Egypt in 1956. Probably, too, Mr. Johnson would not withdraw his claim that "Labour's hands are untied" even since the Party's resolution on Cyprus at its Annual Conference last October; for he is immune to the argument that the loss of Cyprus and the rage of Turkey would destroy the Baghdad Pact, believing as he does that Great Britain ought to withdraw from the Baghdad Pact in any case. But the quality of his reasoning in application to real life can be seen in his handling of the Arab-Israeli problem:

A final settlement with Israel, even on the basis of the present frontiers, even if it involves repatriation of only a few of the refugees, is in the best interests of the Arab peoples. . . . By freeing the Arab peoples from the psychological bondage of their obsession with Israel, the Labour Party would not only restore stability to an area in desperate need of it; it would

also encourage the Arab states to look inward, to the real problems. . . .

On the same principles, presumably, Mr. Johnson's formula for Germany would be that all that is necessary is for Dr. Adenauer and Herr Ulbricht to agree on the *status quo*; and his solution for the Cyprus problem would be simply to reconcile the points of view of Mr. Menderes and Archbishop Makarios.

These two books provide an object-lesson of what can and what cannot successfully be attempted by independent, non-responsible observers in the Middle East (or any other troubled area). What can be done is to report accurately and sympathetically on the observable facts; to describe what is the case, and even to hazard a cautious forecast of what may ensue. What cannot successfully be done is to dogmatize about policy; to announce what ought to be done and to denounce what is being done from incomplete knowledge of it. Judged by these standards, though both are capable observers and reporters, Mr. Nutting is a much more reliable witness than Mr. Johnson.

C. M. WOODHOUSE.

DREADFUL MISTAKES

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THIS book, by a late judge of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, assisted by his daughter, describes and comments upon thirty-six recent cases in which the wrong man was convicted. The overwhelming majority of the cases, which all occurred in the United States, depended upon wrong evidence of identification—in one, ten independent witnesses mistakenly identified two innocent people as having defrauded them—but such errors were usually augmented, first by the wholly excessive desire of police and prosecutors to obtain convictions, and their unscrupulous methods of doing so, and secondly by the gross defects of United States criminal procedure. It is certainly disturbing to learn that, in one State or another, the accused is not informed, in advance of the trial, of the evidence to be presented by the prosecution; the accused's character can be attacked, though he has not put it in issue; before a trial a newspaper can suggest with impunity that the accused is guilty, as his fingerprints are said (falsely, as a matter of fact) to match those of the criminal; evidence can be given privately to the judge "by some

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unidentified person"; the jury need not be warned if an accomplice's evidence lacks corroboration; and a trial can be adjourned for a defence witness who has just given evidence to be taken into custody and questioned privately by the prosecution, the trial being resumed on the witness repudiating his former evidence and appearing on the prosecution's behalf. The authors keep stressing the need for publicity of their material, and it is quite right that the public should know of the facts relating to the trials, and also of the very unequal treatment accorded to those who are eventually "pardoned"; but the points of procedure, though vital, are really technical matters for law reform committees, and the English critic can only recommend, with such humility as he is able to muster, a thorough study of *Archbold's Criminal Pleading, Evidence and Practice*, 33rd Edition, with Cumulative Supplement.

How far does this sort of thing happen here? The procedure is certainly far superior; nor do we have "politically ambitious prosecutors who seek to advance themselves through newspaper renown for the large number of convictions they obtain." Nor do the police use physical torture, though their methods of questioning are occasionally suspect. It is probably fair to say that innocent people are only convicted in England in two ways; either through a combination of circumstances which would defeat any human institution—as, probably, in the Evans case—or through faulty identification, as in the Beck case; and such evidence should certainly be regarded with a high degree of suspicion.

But the state of affairs in the United States does not seem to be the result, as the authors continually assert, of regarding a trial as a fight instead of what, according to them, it should be, namely, an investigation to discover the truth. An English criminal trial is emphatically not such an investigation; and it *is* a fight—a fight to see whether the prosecution have proved their case. But the important aspect of it is that one side—the prosecution—is required to fight with one hand behind its back, though it is also true that English prosecuting counsel have neither the incentives, nor, apparently, the blood-lust of their American counterparts. This has proved to be a far more realistic way of protecting the innocent and punishing the guilty than that propounded rather naively by the Franks, which calls for an almost impossible change of spots by lawyers accustomed to work for victory.

This is an interesting book, though the

descriptions of the cases (too many of them for literature, though not for justice) are done somewhat jejunely by Miss Franks who, as she modestly acknowledges, was called in because of her "forte" in narrative writing. Incidentally, it is misleading to say (p. 224) that "In England . . . today in most criminal suits (except those involving a possible death sentence) the defendants waive a jury trial." This is true only of offences triable by magistrates, where the defendant naturally prefers to get it over rather than to go later before a jury, where a heavier sentence is possible. All serious crime is tried by a jury.

ROBERT LINDLEY.

MINORITY REPORT

AT HOME. By William Plomer. *Cape*. 16s.
HIMSELF AND I. By Anne O'Neill-Barna.
Heinemann. 16s.

SMOKE IN THE LANES. By Dominic Reeve.
Constable. 21s.

THE TRANQUIL GARDENER. By Robert
Gathorne-Hardy. *Nelson*. 25s.

THE ADVOCATE'S DEVIL. By C. P. Harvey,
Q.C. *Stevens*. 12s. 6d.

LIFE'S A GAMBLE. By Col. the Hon. F. H.
Cripps. *Odhams*. 25s.

DAEDALUS RETURNING. By Baron von der
Heytde. *Hutchinson*. 16s.

GREEK MYTHS. By Robert Graves. *Cassell*.
30s.

THE PORTENT OF MILTON. By E. H. Visiak.
Werner Laurie. 15s.

THE POTTING SHED. By Graham Greene.
Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

YEARS ago Edward Garnett, who knew more about his contemporaries and juniors than most men of letters, wrote in a report for a publisher:

William Plomer is emphatically of the minority, of the section of writers, the real intelligentsia, the unconventional, critical-minded, literary artists whom the British Public in general don't *like*, and therefore only buy in restricted quantities. He is a Left-winger in popularity, i.e. what D. H. Lawrence was to Hugh Walpole.

It was, at the time of writing, a pretty shrewd assessment, but I suspect that in recent years Lawrence has overhauled the novelist whom Mr. Plomer calls the "good Sir Hugh" in his new and attractive autobiographical book, *At Home*. I should imagine, too, that Mr. Plomer has made a wider appeal than ever Garnett thought he would. His output has not been very large. He is highly self-critical,

Minority Report

tolerant and versatile. In *Double Lives* he gave a first instalment of his autobiography, writing of his background and earlier years in Europe, Africa and Asia. His new book begins with his return to England by way of Siberia in the late 1920's and goes on to describe various experiences during the 'thirties and 'forties.

Not unnaturally he gravitated towards Gower Street and Tavistock Square, where he was privileged to listen to the fluent speech of W. B. Yeats and the carefully weighed and measured speech of Mr. Eliot, who was asked in his presence if he often went back to America. "Not very often," the poet replied, and then after a long pause for consideration so that his answer might not offend "any of his principles, nor militate against truth, logic, or the established religion," "On an average I should say about every twenty years."

Mr. Plomer's method is impressionistic. Ethel Smyth tells stories to Virginia Woolf and makes her speechless with uncontrollable laughter. Plomer is taken to Haworth on a November day, damp and piercingly cold. By depressing chance a funeral procession was toiling up the hill to the churchyard. A bell tolled from the church and soft, squashy flakes of snow had begun to fall before they reached the "immortal house." A delightful chapter tells how one morning in his publishing office Mr. Plomer received a couple of old notebooks from a man in Dorset. They contained the eleventh part of a diary, and it has become famous, thanks to Mr. Plomer's editorship, as the work of Parson Kilvert, the curate of Clyro. It was Humphrey House who said that Kilvert's great virtue was the power of conveying the physical quality of everything he describes, and it is true that he wrote with astonishing frankness about himself and the young girls who interested him. An old cousin of Kilvert's once told Mr. Plomer that he remembered him "as very sleek and glossy and gentle, rather like a nice Newfoundland dog." He was only thirty-eight when he married and died suddenly only a month later and was buried in Bredwardine churchyard.

At Home forms an excellent introduction to the work of an author who writes prose with wit and distinction and is also among the best satirical poets of our day. "The Dorking Thigh" and "A Shot in the Park" should not be missed.

Books about the Irish by foreigners seem to take on a conventional and familiar shape and pattern. *Himself and I* has many of the usual ingredients, but the American author,

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JOHN MURRAY

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

who is married to an Irishman of ancient lineage and some possessions, suddenly found herself transported to Eire with three small children after several years of happy married life in the States.

"Himself," as she calls her husband, seems to have gone on ahead and, having inspected a series of country houses of all sizes and unsuitabilities, buys the whitest elephant of them all, sixty miles north-west of Dublin, without electric light and with apparently only one pump by way of water supply. *Himself and I* is unfailingly entertaining, but it is also extremely shrewd. Priests and plumbing, cows and cars, the eccentricities of Irish labourers, courting and compost, are only a few of the things that preoccupied Mrs. O'Neill-Barna during the first five years she lived in Ireland. She is outspoken, but so good-humoured that it should be possible for the most nationalistic Irishman to read her book with enjoyment. She has the knack of being effortlessly funny in retrospect about domestic life which must have been very uncomfortable at the time. There will not be many more amusing books published this year than *Himself and I*.

Since the days when the Borrowian cult flourished and Watts-Dunton wrote *Aylwin*, interest in the Romanies seems to have diminished. Mr. Dominic Reeve, author of *Smoke in the Lanes*, is a part-Romani or "Diddikai." His early childhood was spent with travelling Romanies, then he was sent to school, but he returned afterwards to the travelling life, being as he says, fundamentally lazy.

With his wife, Beshlie, who has illustrated his book *Smoke in the Lanes*, he travels through the southern counties of England with some dogs and a horse-drawn wagon.

Most of the writers, including Borrow, who have written about the gypsies, do so from the outside. They are inclined to emphasize the privileges that have been allowed to them as outsiders who have been invited to the camp fire. Mr. Reeve takes all that for granted. He is entitled to his place there and he has no illusions about squalor and hardships. To a Romani, "home" is the open fireside, wherever it may be. It is the only stable thing in a shifting world.

One of the most charming gardening books of recent years, with some fascinating illustrations by Mr. John Nash, is Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's *The Tranquil Gardener*. He had almost, he says, called it *The Lazy Gardener*, but this title had been used before. I think

he would have done himself an injustice if he had employed it.

Mr. Gathorne-Hardy does not claim to have had unique experience. He writes about three gardens, one his own on the banks of the Pang, another his mother's within a few miles of the Suffolk coast, and the third, Mr. Nash's, which faces east on the flank of a little valley dividing Suffolk and Essex. The author writes about flowers and plants with a friendliness that others reserve for children or animals. He is a well-known plant collector, learned in the history of flowers and plant, but he communicates his knowledge so agreeably that he does not intimidate the layman who has never grown anything except, perhaps, in a window-box. In describing the flowers to be found in the neighbourhood of the Gorge du Loup he gives a pleasant account of the district:

On the usual shorter way down from the Gorge the road emerges out of an enclosure of mountains, to give a wide prospect of the sea and, on clear days, far westward, the hills of the Var. I have always strained my vision there for the sight of Coudon which stands like a stage mountain, high over all its neighbours, and crowned at its precipitous top by an old sentinel fortress looking down, from two thousand feet in the air, on the city and great lake-harbour of Toulon.

Unlike some of his fellow-gardeners, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy is not a sentimentalist. He does not assert that all wild flowers are beautiful. He finds some of them ugly and dull, but he feels that any flower can become, in the vision of an artist, the occasion and inspiration for a beautiful painting or drawing or carving. He does not go in for a great deal of digression, but when he does he writes some of his best prose, thereby adding to the appeal of what is likely to be one of the most popular gardening books this year.

For those who like reading about the Law, its processes and those who practice it, Mr. Cyril Harvey's *The Advocate's Devil* is a book not to be missed. Lord Monckton, who writes a foreword, says that he has found it provocative, even in places irritating. He feels that Mr. Harvey is at times not quite fair to "the profession of advocacy." He ought to know but, as one who is quite ignorant of these mysteries except from the point of view of the man in the jury-box, I found Mr. Harvey's observations about advocates, juries, judges, solicitors, and the common law fascinating and perfectly easy to understand.

The late Lord Simon defined advocacy as the art of persuasion, adding that in a British

MINORITY REPORT

court "that art has to be pursued under a strict code of honour and conduct." Mr. Harvey gives some pertinent anecdotes of famous "silks" who have used their genius to go all out for a verdict by thoroughly unprincipled means. Marshall Hall was not guiltless of this kind of thing and sometimes he brought it off.

Sir Patrick Devlin pointed out that, owing to various rules of selection and exemption, British juries are "predominantly male, middle-aged, middle-minded and middle class." Mr. Justice Hilbery, noticing the difference barristers feel between addressing a judge and addressing a jury, remarks that a jury will be largely if not entirely swayed by emotion. "But the advocate does well to remember that in all probability they do not think so." They will probably believe in all sincerity that they are susceptible only to strict logic.

There are some revealing facts about the gradual improvement in the public's opinion of barristers and solicitors since the days when Sir Edward Coke was Attorney-General. Mr. Harvey believes that the best traditions of the Bar began with the generation of Rufus Isaacs and Carson. That is to say, within living memory. It was only in 1893 that Sir Frank Lockwood, speaking to an audience of law students, told them that, although they were not popular, they could do their best to deserve to be so. There has certainly been an improvement since then.

In reading Colonel Cripps's *Life's a Gamble* one realizes that, although he and his expensive friends brought dash and colour and the highest of spirits to their lives in the early years of the century, they will not commend themselves to present-day readers who only admire "solid endeavour and dull accomplishment." (The words are from Lord Burnham's *Foreword*.) Colonel Cripps might be writing about another world. Son of Lord Parmoor, who was Lord President of the Council in the first Labour Government of 1924, elder brother of Sir Stafford Cripps, and nephew of Beatrice Webb, the Colonel would have been at home in the company of the old Corinthians. His was the world of the Bullingdon, the Oxford drag-hounds, and the university polo team. Among his friends were Chaliapin and Prince Orloff, who invited Colonel Cripps to a party at his palace in St. Petersburg. "When I asked on which day and at what time the party was to take place, my host said, 'It starts next Wednesday at nine o'clock for dinner, and goes on for two weeks. You just come and go as you like.'"

Daedalus Returned tells the story of one of the most peculiar military operations of the last war, the Battle of Crete. From air-strips in Southern Greece, German troops were carried by plane and glider and dropped in the vineyards and watercourses of Crete on a hot, spring morning. Baron von der Heytde, who was in command of the 3rd Parachute Regiment, came down near Canea, and seven days later he received the surrender of the town from the mayor.

The author's account of the battle is especially interesting because of the criticisms he makes of the soldiers in his battalion who had been in the Hitler Youth. Many of them, whom he calls "idealists," were difficult to handle. They knew all Hitler's slogans, but they had not realized that soldiering is a rough business, and that in time of war "enthusiasm has value only when paired with knowledge, endurance, toughness, and self-control." In any emergency these young men were found wanting.

Like many other German war books, *Daedalus Returned* is entirely without humour. Baron von der Heytde is now Professor of International Law at the University of

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D E N T

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Würzburg. His attitude towards war is that of a civilian and his book has value as an honest account of a successful operation as seen from the other side.

Three years ago there appeared in a two-volume edition in Penguin Books of a valuable and exciting book, *Greek Myths*, by Robert Graves. It would be fair to say that English literature of the 16th to the 19th centuries cannot be properly understood without some knowledge of the Greek mythology.

With the increasing pressure of science on the contemporary school curriculum it is most timely that there should be available in compact form a complete collection of the myths, assembled in "harmonious narrative," and accompanied by their scattered elements and by any variants which may help to determine the meaning. Mr. Graves has also done his best to answer all questions that may arise in anthropological or historical terms. It is doubtful whether he realized what an enormous task he had taken on when he began his work on the myths, but he has carried it off triumphantly. The notes and commentaries are as genuinely helpful as they are economical, and the narratives are a work of art. Mr. Graves retells these fabulous tales with a cool detachment that is most refreshing. *Greek Myths* is an almost perfect book for dipping into.

It was De Quincey who remarked that "Milton was not a writer among writers, not a poet among poets, but a Power among Powers," and Mr. Visiak, editor of the admirable Nonesuch edition of Milton takes a similar view. In *The Portent of Milton* he has collected some of his essays on the poet which have not been assembled before and it was well worth doing, because these notes, for they are little more, light up various aspects of the poet's work and are almost certain to send the reader back to the poems again. They are designed for the initiated, who will need no further invitation to read them.

One of the characters in Mr. Graham Greene's *The Potting Shed* remarks rather airily, "Christianity is the fashion now," and the reply comes quickly enough, "Only a passing fashion." It can never be that with this author and, although *The Potting Shed* is not a good play, it is concerned with human truths, it is written in clear, nervous English, and it shows that Mr. Greene has nothing to learn about the use of suspense in the theatre. He will never, I suspect, master the art of cheering us all up.

ERIC GILLETT.

Novels

THE ROOTS OF HEAVEN. Romain Gary. *Joseph* 16s.

THE TRANSGRESSOR. Julian Green. *Heinemann* 15s.

ALBERTINE IN THE LION'S DEN. "Nicole." *Chatto* 13s. 6d.

YOUNG PEOPLE. William Cooper. *Macmillan* 16s.

THE WITCHES. Jay Williams. *Macdonald* 15s.

THE CAMP FOLLOWERS. Ugo Pirro. *Hutchinson* 10s. 6d.

NO VILLAIN NEED BE. Jerarn Thomas. *Cassell* 15s.

SEE ROME AND DIE. Louisa Revell. *Gollancz* 12s. 6d.

THE Roots of Heaven, even without its Blue Ribands of the Prix Goncourt and the Book Society Choice, would impress immediately as a serious and absorbing novel. Its subject is the necessity of freedom; its ironies are the disguises that freedom may assume. It is set in French Equatorial Africa, a superb *mise en scène* brilliantly described. An eccentric named Morel has taken upon himself the protection of the dwindling herds of African elephants, from the big-game hunters who massacre them for pleasure, from the traders in ivory, from the ever-unappeased desire of the African for meat. Endless misunderstandings grow up around him and the people who join in his crusade. They are Communists, traitors, cranks or criminals; nuisances both to the French and the African *politiques*. The story is told by several people who have tried to understand what Morel is fighting for. It is the Conrad method, here rather too complicated technically, since it is not always easy to take the jumps and realize who is speaking and at what point in time. The people who rally to Morel, the German dance-hall girl who has known every outrage at the hands of men, the American who was tricked into condemning his country over the Korean radio, the priest who fears that Morel's excessive pre-occupation with elephants is a slight to the human race for whom Christ died, seem chosen for aptness rather than probability, but whatever flaws there may be in the book as a novel, the sweep of scene, the grasp of political reality, the concern with the things that matter, thrust them aside. All the conflicts of rising African nationalism and decaying paternal colonialism are mirrored in the book, as men who have spent a lifetime in Africa tell the story of Morel. In the end, an



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expedition is sent to arrest him; some of his associates are caught and tried, but Morel himself escapes into the forest, alone and sick, perhaps mad, but a testimony to the unconquerable spirit. M. Romain Gary writes with true Gallic eloquence and irony; he is worthily translated by Mr. Jonathan Griffin.

Certain French novelists excel in the atmosphere of family hatred. *The Transgressor* admits us into this small shadowed world of decaying houses in remote provinces; the time is some hermetically sealed pre-radio decade. Julian Green is a master of suggestion, of symbols and hints which swell into frightening shapes of horror and guilt. The Vasseur house had once belonged to a noble family; its empty vastness mocks the rich, rather vulgar people who have bought it and who have tried to make it over to their tastes. In every way except materially the Vasseurs have made a mess of their lives. Even the poor little sewing woman, creeping up to the chilly attic with no company except the headless dummy Blanchonnet, has caught the blight. Madame Vasseur is absurd but not heartless; Ulrike, her beautiful daughter, can only

find happiness in tormenting others because her rather naïve dreams of sensual love have been shattered by her marriage. She cannot drive her odious husband to destruction, but there is a victim to hand, her little orphaned cousin Hedwige, living on Vasseur charity, admiring Ulrike excessively and wholly ignorant of the ways even of her little provincial world. There is also in the house another recipient of Vasseur bounty: Jean, the "transgressor" of the title, the only one who can warn Hedwige against Ulrike, but by his own weakness, powerless to act, until it is too late. *The Transgressor* is a painful, beautifully written book. It has the enchantment of a sinister fairy tale, strange in setting and incident, but with a fearful truth behind, the truth of our fallen nature.

Albertine in the Lion's Den is a French novel of a very different kind, light, amusing and worldly. Albertine is a young wife bored with provincial domesticity. So she decides to run away to Paris and expose herself to the temptations of the wicked city. Her adventures are told in a correspondence with her friend Cecilia, and readers of this type of book will know that Albertine comes to no serious harm, since she discovers that seducers don't seduce unless you work very hard to make them.

After three novels by French writers, the Englishness of Mr. William Cooper's *Young People* comes as a shock, or as a relief, according to taste. Mr. Cooper is a realistic novelist; he writes at an even tension, building up his effects, not to a climax, but to a picture as broad and as meticulously detailed as, in another medium, Frith's *Derby Day*. His novels are set between the wars, so that no cataclysm can divert the natural development of his characters. The young people of this novel are a group of students at a Midland University, ordinary young men with their way to make and the usual vices. One of them, Leonard Harris, manages to impress everyone as someone out of the ordinary, both in looks, brains and breeding. The truth is that he is a poseur and a fraud. He is exposed not once but several times, but exposure does not affect his romanticism; he will go on from one job to the next, from one fantasy to the next, from one woman to the next, and it will be the same in the end. Mr. Cooper presents people with a superficial flatness which cracks to reveal depths; he has a knack of cutting off his scenes at the crucial dramatic moment, and resuming them through the narration of a third person. Yet his method, if it cheats us of highlights, seems

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NOVELS

absolutely right with his people, for this, we feel, is the stuff of their lives.

Mr. Jay Williams writes highly-coloured and dramatic historical novels, which must be classed as "popular" by their style and selection of incident, but which display a more perceptive grasp of character and period than is usual. *The Witches* is set in Scotland, during the last years of Elizabeth's reign. Its chief character is a Huguenot refugee, Martin Vinolas, a master swordsman who occasionally acts as "spy" or agent-provocateur for the English Government which has befriended him. He is sent to Edinburgh to discover whether, among the entourage of the young King James, there may not be a Popish plot to get rid of him. What Vinolas stumbles on, in the market town of Haddington, is one of those revivals of underground paganism which periodically produced the manifestations of witchcraft. Much of the incident and some of the characters are frankly lurid, but so was the period, and in the character of Vinolas, who is no plaster "hero," there is a growth through experience which is not just conventional. For those who like vivid, but

authenticated, historical romance, this book can be warmly recommended.

It was with reluctance that I began to read Ugo Pirro's *The Camp Followers*, as the utmost sensationalism has already been extracted from the fate of women in an invaded country. Yet this brief and shocking story has genuine distinction. It takes place during the Fascist invasion of Greece. A very young Italian officer is detailed to convey a party of Greek girls from Athens to the official army brothels. The girls are not unwilling; in army brothels they will eat. There is a terrible picture of the looted and starving country; and the young Italian is haunted by a premonition that this may befall Italy. One of the girls, an aloof creature named Eftichia, makes a deep impression on him, and as they drive on through increasingly hostile country, he begins to be aware that she is in league with the Greek partisans. The truck is attacked and one of the girls is accidentally shot; two men are caught and executed; the curious comradeship of the journey is broken up as girls are dropped at army posts *en route*.



Photo by courtesy "Sunday Times"

The Rt. Hon. LORD HAILSHAM Q.C. APPEALS FOR CANCER RESEARCH

Lord Hailsham writes: "The Imperial Cancer Research Fund, which is under the highest medical and scientific direction, is continually engaged in the work of Cancer Research in its own modern laboratories. The work is now to be still further increased in new laboratories at Lincoln's Inn Fields. Very heavy expenditure is involved, and help is urgently needed from generous-hearted people to meet the cost. I hope, therefore, that the appeal may evoke a most generous response."

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

There is a brief love affair with Eftichia, who then disappears, and the young Italian, not having delivered his cargo intact or avoided hostile incident, is reprimanded. Signor Pirro writes simply, without rhetoric or sensationalism, and his style would appear to be well translated by Archibald Colquhoun. This is a first novel on a very high level of accomplishment.

Jerarn Thomas's *No Villain Need Be* is also, presumably, a first novel. His story takes place in an oil company town on the Persian Gulf; he obviously knows the setting intimately and the colony of bored second-raters beguiling their leisure with sport, sex and drink is only too real. But the individual characters are not handled with insight; their dreary conversations are reported without the cutting edge of satire, and the woman for whom our sympathies are invited is such a paragon of suburban superiority that her tragedy left me stone cold. My final impression was that if Britain abroad is really represented by people so trivial and vulgar, our prestige must be low indeed.

Since Miss Agatha Christie invented Miss Marple, there has been very a cosy corner in elderly lady detectives, and to this I welcome Miss Julia, the retired Latin mistress from Virginia, who tells the story of *See Rome and Die*. To tell the truth, Miss Julia doesn't go to the top of the class as a detective, but as a guide to Rome, its monuments, its extravagant aristocracy and its fashionable dress-makers, she is very good indeed.

RUBY MILLAR.

Theatre

By KAYE WEBB

THE past month of play-going has been mostly remarkable for the rapidity with which new productions have opened and closed; four outright casualties in four weeks, and two others which never reached London.

A notable survivor is *Touch it Light* at the Strand Theatre, yet another comedy about the communal life of Tommy Atkins & Co., which somehow manages to find new angles. A play without girls, without a discernible plot and certainly without a message; for these men must have made up the sloppiest, most inarticulate, most scrim-shanking crew of any gunsight on the English coast. And yet the author, Robert Sharron, and the cast, in equal proportions, combine to provide a first-class evening. Unless, of course, you are congenitally bored with the sight of tin

helmets and the sound of jokes about filching rations and not washing. Even so, this company may wring laughs out of you.

The doldrums in London sent most critics up to Oxford for Frank Hauser's production of *Paris Not So Gay*, a play by Peter Ustinov which has not previously been staged. On this showing it deserves to be, despite the usual Ustinov structural weaknesses.

This Paris belongs to Troy, this Helen is so loving that she bores her husband to distraction, and is only shaken off when Paris turns out to be his exact image, so that she has the illusion of continuing to be faithful. (Both roles are taken, very well, by John Stratton.) In Troy, Helen goes on being devoted and dull and Paris wishes her safely back home again. Menelaus is reluctantly forced into a war to recover a wife he doesn't want and the whole wretched business drags on for years, until a quite phenomenally aged clutch of Grecian heroes get together in a cynical plot to end it, and satisfy the remaining citizens.

Act I is a wildly funny romp, Act II is almost as much of a bore as Helen herself (this being no reflection on Elizabeth Sellars, who is enchanting) and Act III recovers itself sufficiently to make us decide not to quibble at the weak patches, since we have been offered so much that is fresh and funny.

KAYE WEBB.

Music

By ROBIN DENNISTON

Modern German Music

IT would be true but inadequate to say that Germany has dominated classical and romantic music from Bach to Wagner; it would be nearer the truth to say that classical and romantic music consists of almost nothing but German music. Schubert and Haydn, it is true, were Austrian; Mozart spent much of his time in the Austrian capital, where Brahms also lived for the last thirty-five years of his life; but these exceptions hardly alter the case. What was it about those nasty little city-states and their princelings that inspired such a hectic flow of genius? And why has it stopped?

This question is prompted by one of the L.P.O.'s *Grand Tour de la Musique* concerts, devoted to German music composed in the last fifty years. Apart from a very minor work by Richard Strauss (the Oboe Concerto, elegiacally played by Leon Goossens), we had works by Reger, Hindemith, Hartmann and

MUSIC

Blacher. Hindemith we acknowledge to be a giant; his symphony formed from the materials of the opera *Mathis der Maler* repays a great deal of study which, due to the infrequency of live performances, one can only give it spasmodically. As for Reger, he may be due for a comeback less sensational than that of Gustav Mahler, but equally unexpected. Scholes asks how many of his works will prove weighty enough to withstand the winnowing of time and probably expects the answer none. In his time he was disliked equally for his experimentalism and for his manifest love of the music of J. S. Bach. To our ears to-day his best works have an indestructible individuality. His organ music is to be heard quite frequently in churches where they are not alarmed at the possibility of shattering windows acoustically and his Opus 132, "Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Mozart," played by the L.P.O., though not among his best works, was very well worth listening to. Mozart's theme comes from the A Major Piano Sonata and is so familiar that one is troubled by the sort of emotions aroused by the prospect of a young child singing songs intended for adults. The eight variations carry you step by step away from this lovely tune, and culminate in a fugue the main subject of which was surpassingly beautifully played *pianissimo* by the fiddles. In a life both short and busy, posterity may prove to be more thankful for Reger than for Hindemith.

As for strictly modern German music, one inevitably approaches this with a guilty distaste. Modern music, perhaps, if it is British or American or French; but the successors of Brahms and Wagner, the survivors of Hitler and Goebbels, the contemporaries of Britten and Tippett—do we have to know about these? The answer is yes. There is an inherited professional *expertise* about the works of Blacher, Hartmann, Henze and the Webern school; there is orchestral experiment, often of a bold and ear-shattering variety; there is the careful working out of musical formulae; and there is lavish use of new instruments and new ways of achieving minute differentials of sounds. It would take a bolder man than I to say which of the post-war German musicians will compose music to refresh our great-grandchildren back from a gruelling day at the do-it-yourself time-disposal plant. But out of this brash, super-confident attack on the musical sensibilities of a previous generation, something for permanent refreshment and recreation may come.

ROBIN DENNISTON.

Records

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

KRIPS, with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, has recorded Mozart's "Haffner" (K.385) and "Jupiter" (K.551) Symphonies: (Decca LXT5414); Beecham, with the R.P.O., has also recorded the "Jupiter," but puts the D major *Divertimento* (K.131) on the reverse (H.M.V. ALP1536); Karajan, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, has recorded the "Haffner" coupled with the B flat *Divertimento* (K.287) (Columbia 33CX1511), all of which wants sorting out.

The B flat *Divertimento*, for string quartet and two horns, is chamber music (it is beautifully played by members of the Vienna Octet on Decca LXT5112) and, finely though the orchestra play it, the music does not take well to the extra weight of tone; the D major *Divertimento*, on the other hand, is really a serenade, and a richly orchestrated one. It is also one of the larger Beecham "Lollipops" and, as always, his interpretation of it is enchanting. Krips's "Haffner" and "Jupiter," both most excellent performances, are rather better recorded than their competitors. Beecham's admirable "Jupiter" needs fuller bass tone—especially in the two outer movements. It is disappointing to find a magnificent rendering of Bach's D Minor Piano Concerto by Sviatoslav Richter, with Talich and the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra, backed by a performance of the A minor Partita by another pianist—Hugo Steurer who is good but, ungracious though it sounds, not wanted here. One wants more Richter. The recording is not so good as on the D.G.G. disc of Richter playing Schumann, but even so, Richter playing Bach is something not to be missed (Supraphon LPV262).

Alfred Brendel, a young pupil of Edwin Fischer, shows in his performances of Liszt's E Flat and A Major Piano Concertos not only astonishing keyboard facility, but—which is more rare—a true sense of poetry. This makes the A major, a beautiful work until Liszt vulgarizes the opening theme in the grandiose March near the end, particularly enjoyable. Brendel is well accompanied by the Vienna Pro Musica Orchestra, conducted by Michael Gielen (Vox PLI0420). Brahms' *Academic* and *Tragic* Overtures, "St. Antoni" variations and the *Alto Rhapsody* are certainly good measure on one disc. The contralto solo in the *Rhapsody* is very well sung by Lucretia West and well balanced with the male chorus. The orchestra in all the pieces is the Vienna

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Records

Philharmonic conducted by Hans Knappertsbusch. Ebullience is not his line and so the *Academic Overture* is a sober affair, but Knappertsbusch's rather austere outlook suits the other pieces well, and the recording of all of them is exemplary (Decca LXT5394).

Also recommended. Reger's delightful and finely constructed *Variations and Fugue on a Theme of Mozart*, splendidly played by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Karl Böhm, and very well recorded (D.G.G. DGM18375). Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherazade*: once again, yes, but as played by Beecham and the R.P.O. it sails, in all respects, to the top of the class at once (H.M.V. ALP1564).

Choral

A lovely and very well-recorded performance of Berlioz's sacred trilogy, *L'Enfance du Christ*, with Valletti (narrator), Souzay (Joseph), Kopleff (Mary) and Olivier (Herod), the New England Conservatory Chorus and Boston Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Charles Munch (R.C.A. RB16061-2). Vivid, imaginative and full of poetry. Well sung by all and first-rate orchestral playing.

Also recommended. Schumann's *Liederkreis*, Op. 24, sung by Fischer-Dieskau, accompanied by Gerald Moore; both artists in their best form (H.M.V. ALP1551).

An Easter Matins. Choir King's College Chapel, Cambridge, directed by Boris Ord, organist Eric Fletcher; most enjoyable and even better recorded than the Christmas Service (Argo RG120).

Opera

There is a chance now for us to get on really intimate terms with Strauss's *Arabella*, too often dismissed as a pale reflection of *Rosenkavalier*, in a glorious and very well-recorded performance directed by Georg Solti, who conducts the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Lisa della Casa is the radiant Arabella, Hilda Gueden her sister, and the two successful suitors of the girls are George London and Anton Dermota. There are no weaknesses in the rest of the cast. Side 8 is a transfer of Casa's singing of the four last songs (Decca LXT5403-6). This is a splendid issue.

The new Scala *Bohème*, with Votto in charge and, in the principal parts, Callas, Mollo, Stefano, Panerai is very good though it doesn't shake my allegiance to Beecham's recording (H.M.V. ALP1409-10). Callas's faults are all in evidence here, but so are her virtues. She gives a marvellous reading of her part—and that is what one remembers in the end. (Columbia 33CX1564-5).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

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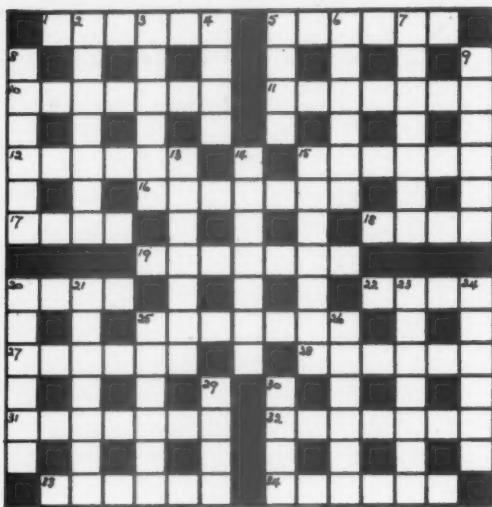
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CLUES

- "will sear virtue itself." Shakespeare (*The Winter's Tale*) (7)
- He speaks at the middle or the beginning or the end (6)
- This vegetable can be laid up (4)
- A large number I'd get among (4)
- Portia's suitors were asked to choose one (6)
- Old Roman god returning to write a piece of music (7)
- Eccentrics get a hundred lines (6)
- Stick a copper in this place (6)
- Claimed to be an important point in mathematics (7)
- Crime in which motive is the last thing (7)
- Something tasty for tea,—a little fish? (7)
- Beg ring on father's return (6)
- Dogs' home? (7)
- The messenger gets a job in drink (7)
- Throw the French in the stronghold (6)
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- Does this river lead a double life? (4)
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